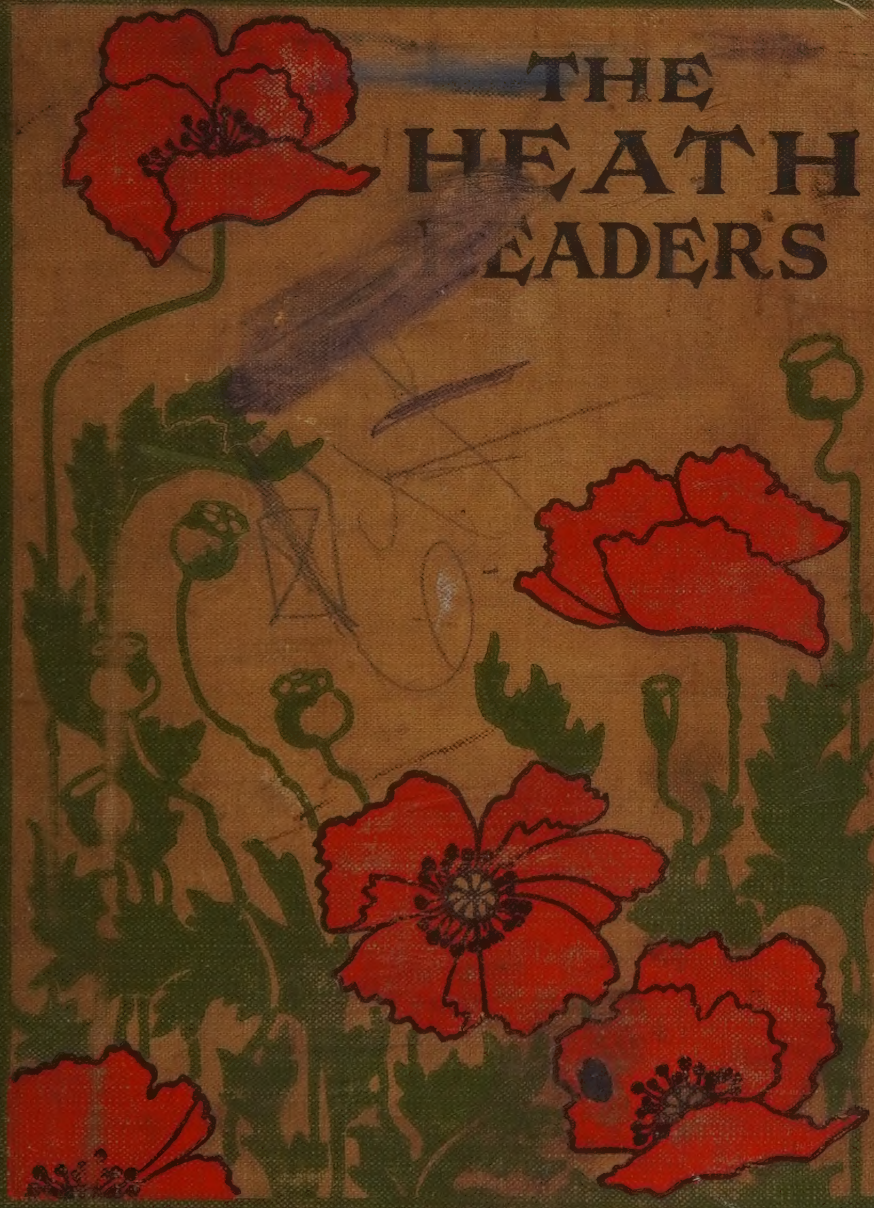
THE HEATH READERS



SIXTH READER

D·C·HEATH & CO.

P. 103

181 324

Every book we read
may be made a round in
the ever-lengthening
ladder by which we climb
to knowledge
and to that temperance
and serenity of mind
which, as it is
the ripest fruit of wisdom
is also the sweetest

James Russell Lowell

THE HEATH READERS

SIXTH READER

SIR GALAHAD

After G. F. Watts

THE HEATH READERS

SIXTH READER

"A book which hath been culled from the flowers of all books." —GEORGE ELIOT.

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THE

HEATH READERS

COMPRISE

A Primer
First Reader
Second Reader
Third Reader
Fourth Reader
Fifth Reader
Sixth Reader

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PREFACE

THIS book is intended for the use of pupils who have completed the work of the fifth reader grade. Such pupils have mastered the mechanical difficulties connected with reading, have acquired a taste for good literature, and are able to read with good expression. It is the purpose of this reader to continue, through the use of appropriate material, the training given in the earlier grades, and to aid in the development of the growing powers of the pupil.

A Sixth Reader should lead boys and girls to a knowledge of the standard literary possessions of intelligent people. It is believed that this book offers unusual facilities of this kind, and in a way that will prove a delight both to teacher and pupil.

There are two principles of grading which should determine the order and development of a reading book. The first is based upon the difficulties of vocabulary and of sentence structure. The second has to do with the difficulties of the subject-matter itself, and with the maturity of mind needful for its appreciation. In grading the present book both of these principles have been heeded.

As in the earlier books in the Heath Series of Readers, prominence has been given to selections that afford opportunity for training in natural and appropriate vocal expression. Good oral reading need not be one of the lost arts, though it requires careful training and much practice.

The Sixth Reader, like the other books in this series, represents the best thought and skill of a goodly number of persons notable for their success as writers of books for children, their

skill as teachers of reading, or their experience in directing those who teach. All of these have worked together upon a well-formed plan that insures unity and definiteness, as well as breadth and flexibility.

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SIXTH READER

OUR ACTS OUR ANGELS ARE

JOHN FLETCHER

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

THE HOUSE FLY AND THE WATCHDOG

JOHN RUSKIN

I BELIEVE we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house fly. Not free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies.

Strike at him with your hand; and to him, the external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre

of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second and came crashing down with an aim. That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence, — one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it.

You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do — no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his digging; the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning network; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber, — a black incarnation of caprice, — wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back yard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's back to the brown spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry buzz — what freedom is like his?

For captivity again, perhaps your poor watchdog is as sorrowful a type as you will easily find. Mine certainly is. The day is lovely, but I must write this, and cannot go out with him. He is chained in the yard, because I do not like dogs in rooms, and the gardener does not like dogs in gardens. He has no books, — nothing but his own weary thoughts for company, and a group of those free flies, whom he snaps at with sullen ill-success. Such dim hope as he may have that I may yet take him out with me will be, hour by hour, wearily disappointed; or, worse,

darkened at once into a leaden despair by an authoritative "No," — too well understood.

His fidelity only seals his fate; if he would not watch for me, he would be sent away and go hunting with some happier master; but he watches, and is wise, and faithful, and miserable, and his high animal intellect only gives him the wistful powers of wonder, and sorrow, and desire, and affection, which embitter his captivity! Yet, of the two, would we rather be watchdog or fly?

Indeed, the first point we have all to determine is not how free we are, but what kind of creatures we are. It is of small importance to any of us whether we get liberty; but of the greatest that we deserve it. Whether we win it, fate must determine; but that we may be worthy of it, we may ourselves determine; and the sorrowfullest fate, of all that we can suffer, is to have it, *without* deserving it.

phi los'o phy, wise reasoning.
me chan'i cal, done as if by a machine.
e'go tism, self-importance.
fi del'i ty, faithfulness.
in car na'tion, representation in a living body.
ca price', fancy; changeableness.
au thor'i ta tive, entitled to obedience.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900) was an English artist and an eloquent writer on art and nature. He spent a fortune in seeking to improve the condition of the workingmen. Among his most noted works are "Modern Painters," "The Stones of Venice," and "Sesame and Lilies." The selection here given is from "The Queen of the Air."

FOLDING THE FLOCKS

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun

Already his great course hath run.
See the dewdrops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a string of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from underground;
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapors fly apace,
And hover o'er the smiling face
Of these pastures; where they come
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his lovéd flock.
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty, thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourself from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
So shall you good shepherds prove
And deserve your master's love.
Now, good night! may sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids. So farewell!
Thus I end my evening knell.

† **Hes' perus**, the evening star.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1586–1615) and JOHN FLETCHER (1576–1625) were close friends, and as joint authors wrote a number of popular dramas. Their lyrics are of the very highest excellence.

MY CASTLES IN SPAIN

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

I AM the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the west; but the greater part are in Spain. You may see my western possessions any evening at sunset, when their spires and battlements flash against the horizon.

It gives me a feeling of pardonable importance, as a proprietor, that they are visible — to my eyes, at least — from any part of the world in which I chance to be. In my long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India (the only voyage I ever made, when I was a boy), if I felt homesick, or sank into a reverie of all the pleasant homes I had left behind, I had but to wait until sunset, and then looking toward the west, I beheld my clustering pinnacles and towers brightly burnished, as if to salute and welcome me.

Columbus, also, had possessions in the west; and as I read aloud the romantic story of his life, my voice quivers when I come to the point in which it is related that sweet odors of the land mingled with the sea air as the admiral's fleet approached the shores; that tropical birds flew out and fluttered around the ships, glittering in the sun, the gorgeous promises of the new country; that boughs, perhaps with blossoms not all decayed, floated out to welcome the strange wood from which the craft were hollowed. Then I cannot restrain myself. I think of the gorgeous visions I have seen before I have even undertaken the journey to the west. . . .

These are my western estates, but my finest castles are in Spain. It is a country famously romantic, and my castles are all of perfect proportions, and appropriately

set in the most picturesque situations. I have never been to Spain myself, but I have naturally conversed much with travellers to that country; although, I must allow, without deriving from them much substantial information about my property there. The wisest of them told me that there were more holders of real estate in Spain than in any other region he had ever heard of, and they are all great proprietors. Every one of them possesses a multitude of the stateliest castles. From conversation with them you easily gather that each one considers his own castles much the largest and in the loveliest positions. After I had heard this said, I verified it by discovering that all my immediate neighbors in the city were great Spanish proprietors.

It is remarkable that none of the proprietors have ever been to Spain to take possession and report to the rest of us the state of our property there. I, of course, cannot go; I am too much engaged. And I find it is the case with all the proprietors. We have so much to detain us at home that we cannot get away. But it is always so with rich men.

It is not easy for me to say how I know so much, as I certainly do, about my castles in Spain. The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere — a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but in which no gales blow and there are no tempests. All the lofty mountains and beautiful valleys and soft landscapes that I have not yet seen are to be found in the grounds. They command a noble view of the Alps — so fine, indeed, that I should be quite content with the prospect of them from the highest tower of my castle, and not care to go to Switzerland.

The Nile flows through my grounds. The Desert lies

CASTLES IN SPAIN

upon their edge, and Damascus stands in my garden. But there is a stranger magic than this in my Spanish estates. The lawny slopes on which, when a child, I played in my father's old country place, which was sold when he failed, are all there, and not a flower faded nor a blade of grass sere. The green leaves have not fallen from the spring woods of half a century ago, and a gorgeous autumn has blazed undimmed for fifty years among the trees that I remember.

There is a magic in the Spanish air that paralyzes Time. He glides by, unnoticed and unnoticing. I greatly admire the Alps, which I see so distinctly from my Spanish windows. I delight in the taste of the southern fruit that ripens upon my terraces; I enjoy the pensive shade of the Italian ruins in my gardens; I like to shoot crocodiles, and talk with the Sphinx upon the shores of the Nile, flowing through my domain.

It occurred to me that Bourne, the millionnaire, must have ascertained the safest and most expeditious route to Spain; so I stole a few minutes one afternoon, and went into his office. He was sitting at his desk, writing rapidly, and surrounded by files of papers and patterns, specimens, boxes — everything that covers the tables of a great merchant. In the outer rooms clerks were writing. Upon high shelves over their heads were huge chests, covered with dust, dingy with age. Everything was indicative of immense and increasing prosperity.

There were several gentlemen in waiting to converse with Bourne (we all call him so, familiarly, down-town), and I waited until they went out. But others came in. There was no pause in the rush. All kinds of inquiries were made and answered. At length I stepped up.

"A moment, please, Mr. Bourne."

He looked up hastily, wished me good morning, which he had done to none of the others, and which courtesy I attributed to Spanish sympathy.

"What is it, sir?" he asked blandly, but with wrinkled brow.

"Mr. Bourne, have you any castles in Spain?" said I, without preface.

He looked at me for a few moments without speaking and without seeming to see me. His brow gradually smoothed, and his eyes, apparently looking into the street, were really, I have no doubt, feasting upon the Spanish landscape.

"Too many, too many," said he, at length, musingly, shaking his head and without addressing me.

So I asked, "Will you tell me what you consider the shortest and safest route thither, Mr. Bourne? for, of course, a man who drives such an immense trade with all parts of the world will know all that I have come to inquire."

"My dear sir," answered he, wearily, "I have been trying all my life to discover it; but none of my ships have ever been there; none of my captains have any report to make. They bring me, as they brought my father, gold-dust from Guinea; ivory, pearls, and precious stones from every part of the earth; but not a fruit, not a solitary flower, from one of my castles in Spain. I have sent clerks, agents, and travellers of all kinds, philosophers, pleasure-hunters, and invalids, in all sorts of ships, to all sorts of places, but none of them ever saw or heard of my castles."

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Bourne," said I, retiring.

"I am glad you came," returned he; "but I assure you,

had I known the route you hoped to ascertain from me, I should have sailed years and years ago. People sail for the Northwest Passage, which is nothing when you have found it. Why don't they fit out expeditions to discover all our castles in Spain?"

He sat lost in thought.

"It's nearly post-time, sir," said the clerk.

Mr. Bourne did not heed him. He was still musing; and I turned to go, wishing him good morning.

At length I resolved to ask Titbottom if he had ever heard of the best route to our estates. He said that he owned castles, and sometimes there was an expression in his face as if he saw them. I hope he did. I should long ago have asked him if he had ever observed the turrets of my possessions in the west, without alluding to Spain, if I had not feared he would suppose I was mocking his poverty. I hope his poverty has not turned his head, for he is very forlorn.

One Sunday I went with him a few miles into the country. It was a soft, bright day; the fields and hills lay turned to the sky, as if every leaf and blade of grass were nerves bared to the touch of the sun. I almost felt the ground warm under my feet. The meadows waved and glittered, the lights and shadows were exquisite, and the distant hills seemed only to remove the horizon farther away. As we strolled along, picking wild flowers, for it was in summer, I was thinking what a fine day it was for a trip to Spain, when Titbottom suddenly exclaimed, —

"Thank God! I own this landscape."

"You!" returned I.

"Certainly," said he.

"Why," I answered, "I thought this was part of Bourne's property?"

Titbottom smiled.

"Does Bourne own the sun and sky? Does Bourne own that sailing shadow yonder? Does Bourne own the golden lustre of the grain, or the motion of the wood, or those ghosts of hills that glide pallid along the horizon? Bourne owns the dirt and fences. I own the beauty that makes the landscape, or otherwise how could I own castles in Spain?"

That was very true. I respected Titbottom more than ever.

Still I dream my dreams, and attend to my castles in Spain. I have so much property there that I could not, in conscience, neglect it. All the years of my youth and the hopes of my manhood are stored away, like precious stones, in the vaults, and I know that I shall find everything convenient, elegant, and beautiful when I come into possession. . . .

As the years go by I am not conscious that my interest diminishes. I defy time and change. Each year laid upon our heads is a hand of blessing. I have no doubt that I shall find the shortest route to my possessions as soon as need be. Sometimes when I have been sitting reading I have seemed to see clearly before me the broad highway to my castles in Spain. . . .

Castles in Spain, "air-castles."
ex pe di'tious, quick, speedy.
pic tur esque', fitted to form a pleasing picture.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824–1892) was a noted American journalist, author, and orator. The selection here given is from "Prue and I," one of his most popular books. He also wrote "Nile Notes," "Life of Washington Irving," etc.

HUNTING SONG.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay!
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling.
Merrily, merrily mingle they;
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
The mist has left the mountain gray;
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green:
Now we come to chant our lay;
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
To the greenwood haste away!
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay;
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Louder, louder chant the lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay!"

Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we.
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

THE LAND OF UTOPIA

SIR THOMAS MORE

The island of Utopia contains in breadth in the middle part of it two hundred miles. This breadth continues through the greatest part of the land, except that it comes in little by little and grows narrower toward the ends. The whole circuit of the island is five hundred miles, and its shape is like the new moon. Between the two corners the sea runs in, dividing them asunder by the distance of eleven miles or thereabouts, and here the sea spreads into a large and wide bay which is so surrounded by the land on every side and so sheltered from the winds that it is not rough or tumultuous, but flows quietly, like a great standing pond. Thus nearly all the space within the compass of the land is made to form a harbor which may receive ships near every part of the land, to the great convenience of the inhabitants.

The forefronts of the two corners, because of their fords and shelves and rocks, are very jeopardous and dangerous. Midway between them there stands up above the water a great rock which is not at all perilous because it is in sight. Upon the top of this rock a fair and strong tower is built, kept by a garrison of men. There are other rocks lying

hidden under the water, which are, for that reason, dangerous. The channels are known only to the natives themselves. And therefore it seldom happens that a stranger comes into the haven unless he has a Utopian for pilot. The Utopians themselves could scarcely enter without danger, were it not that their path is directed and ruled by certain landmarks standing on the shore. If they should turn, exchange, or remove these landmarks to other places, they could easily destroy the navies of their enemies, however numerous they might be. The outer circuit of the land is also full of havens, but the landing is so surely fortified by the provisions of nature and by the workmanship of men's hands that a few defenders can drive back large armies.

However, as they say, and as the fashion of the place itself partly shows, the land was not always compassed about by the sea. But King Utopus, whose name, as conqueror, the island bears (for before his time it was called Abraxa), brought the rude and wild people to that excellent perfection in all good fashions, humanity and civilization, wherein they now surpass all other peoples of the world. He subdued the natives very quickly, and almost as soon as he had entered the land he caused fifteen miles of high ground, where the sea had no passage, to be dug up. So he brought the sea round about the land. In order that the natives might not think that he treated them with contempt, he set to this work not only the inhabitants of the island, but all his own soldiers as well. And so large was the number of workmen that the work was despatched with marvellous speed. The inhabitants of the adjoining countries, who at first had mocked and jested at this vain enterprise, when they saw its success at last, changed their derision to wonder and finally to awe.

There are in the island fifty-four large, fine cities, precisely alike in language, manners, institutions, and laws. They are all similarly situated, and so far as their locations allow, are built after the same manner. Of these cities those that are nearest together are twenty-four miles distant from one another, but no city is more than one day's foot journey distant from the next.

Out of every city there come yearly to Amaurot three old men, rich in wisdom and experience, to consult and debate about the common affairs of the land. For this city is taken for the chief and head city, because it stands just in the middle of the island and is therefore most convenient for the ambassadors from all parts of the realm.

They have built in all parts of the country farm-houses which are well constructed, well appointed, and furnished with all sorts of agricultural instruments and tools. These houses are occupied by people from the cities, who come by turn to live in them. No household or farm in the country has fewer than forty persons, besides two bondmen. All the household is under the rule and order of the goodman and goodwife of the house, both of whom are old, wise, and discreet. Over every thirty farms or families is set one head ruler, who is called a philarch, or head bailiff.

There come into the city every year from each one of these families twenty persons who have lived for two years in the country. Twenty others are sent out from the city to fill their places, and these receive instruction in husbandry from those who have been in the country a year already and are therefore skilled in the work. These last comers shall teach others next year. This order is used for fear that scarceness of food, or some such inconvenience, might come about through ignorance, in case all the members of the households were new and unskilled in hus-

bandry. Although this fashion of renewing every year the husbandmen is carefully observed, so that no man shall be constrained to remain long against his will in this hard course of life, yet many of them take such delight in this kind of work that they get permission to continue in it for a longer period.

These husbandmen plough and till the ground, breed cattle, and provide and make ready wood, which they carry to the city either by land or by water, as is most convenient. They raise a great number of hens by a very curious process. For the hens do not sit upon the eggs; but they are hatched by being kept in a steady and equal heat. The chickens, as soon as they come out of the shell, follow men and women instead of the hens.

They raise very few horses, but all those that they have are spirited ones. These are kept for no other purpose than to exercise their youth in the art of riding and feats of arms. For oxen are put to all the labor of ploughing and drawing because the people believe that, while the oxen are not so good for sudden effort, yet they can endure much more labor, pain, and hardship than horses. The oxen, too, they think, are not subject to so many diseases, and they may be kept with much less cost.

They sow corn to make their bread; and though they know perfectly how much food is needed for each city with the whole country round about it, yet they sow much more corn than is needed and breed more cattle than will serve just for their own use, so that they may divide the surplis among their neighbors. Whatsoever necessary things are lacking in the country they bring out from the city, and they obtain these from the magistrates of the cities without offering any exchange. Every month on the holy day many of them go into the city.

When their harvest day is near at hand, then the head officers or bailiffs of husbandry send word to the magistrates of the city that they shall need a certain number of men from the city to help them with the harvest. The due number is sent them on the day appointed, and the harvest work is usually all despatched in one fair day.

As for their cities, he who knows one of them knows them all, since they are as nearly alike as the nature of the place permits. Amaurot is the worthiest city and the one of most dignity among them all. All the rest regard it as the chief city, for the council house is there. The city of Amaurot stands upon the side of a low hill. The river of Anyder rises twenty-four miles above Amaurot out of a little spring. But it is increased by other small rivers and brooks that run into it, so that before the city it runs into the ocean. They have also another river, which indeed is not very large, but runs gently and pleasantly.

The city is compassed about with a high and thick stone wall full of turrets and bulwarks. A dry ditch, deep and broad, and overgrown with bushes, briers, and thorns, runs about three sides of the city. On the fourth side the river itself serves for a ditch. The streets are arranged very handsomely and conveniently, both for travel and for shelter against the winds. The houses, which are splendidly built, stand joined together in a long row through the whole street without any partition or separation. The streets are twenty feet broad. At the back of the houses through the whole length of the street lie large gardens enclosed by the back part of the streets. Every house has two doors, one into the street, and a postern door opening into the garden. These doors are made with two leaves, never locked or bolted, but

so easily opened that they will follow the least push of a finger and shut again alone. Whoever will may go in, for there is nothing within the houses that is private or any man's own. And every tenth year they change their houses by lot.

They set great store by their gardens. In them they have vineyards, all kinds of fruit, herbs, and flowers, so attractive, so well arranged, and so finely kept that I never saw anything more fruitful or better trimmed. Their diligence in caring for these gardens comes not only from their pleasure in them, but also from a certain strife and contention that there is between street and street concerning the trimming, husbanding, and furnishing of their gardens. And verily there cannot easily be found in all the city anything that brings the citizens more profit and pleasure.

Their chronicles, which they keep written with all diligence, containing the history of 1760 years, even from the first conquest of the island, record that in the beginning the houses were very low, and like homely cottages or poor shepherds' houses, built of any rude timber that came to hand, with mud walls and ridged roofs, thatched over with straw. But now the houses are cunningly built, and in a splendid way, with three stories one over another. The outside of the walls is made either of hard flint or of plaster or else of brick, and the inner sides are well strengthened with timber work. The roofs are plain and flat, covered with a certain kind of plaster that costs but little, and yet is so tempered that no fire can injure or destroy it, and it withstands the violence of the weather better than lead. To keep the wind out of their windows, they use either glass, which is very common, or fine linen dipped in oil or amber, which serves two purposes; for

by this means more light comes in, and the wind is better kept out.

Agriculture is an occupation common to them all, both men and women, and they are all expert in it. In this they are all instructed even from their youth, partly in the schools by tradition and precept, and partly in the country near the city, where they are brought up to practise it, as a sort of play. Beside husbandry, every one of them learns one particular trade, as his own proper craft. Most commonly the craft is working on woollen or linen cloth, or masonry, or smith's work, or carpenter's work. For there is no other occupation in which any great number are employed.

Their garments throughout the island are of one fashion, except that there is a difference between the men's garments and the women's, and between the clothing of the married and the unmarried. This one fashion continues forever unchanged; it is convenient and comely to the eye, and is fit for both winter and summer. Every family make their own garments. But every man and every woman learns one of the other crafts.

The women, who are not so strong as the men, are put to the easier crafts, such as the working in wool and flax. The more toilsome trades are committed to the men. For the most part every man is brought up in his father's craft, since he is naturally inclined to it. But if a man prefers any other, he is put into a family of that occupation, by adoption. In fact, if any person when he has learned one trade wishes to learn another also, he is permitted to do so.

The chief and almost the only office of the magistrates is to see to it that no man sits idle, but that every one works with earnest diligence at his own craft. And yet for

all that, they are not to toil from early in the morning until late in the evening, like laboring beasts. For this is worse than the miserable and wretched condition of bondmen. But they divide the day and the night into exactly twenty-four hours. Six of these hours are appointed for work, three before dinner and three after. About eight o'clock in the evening (counting the first hour after noon as one o'clock) they go to bed, and they give eight hours to sleep.

All the unoccupied time, between the hours of work, sleep, and eating, each man is allowed to spend as he prefers. Yet they are not to misspend this time in idleness or rioting, but are expected to devote the time to some proper occupation according to their liking. It is a solemn custom there to have readings every day early in the morning, at which only those are compelled to be present who have been chosen to devote themselves to learning. But a great multitude of every sort of people also go to the readings, from their own choice. After supper they give one hour to play; in summer in their gardens, in winter in their common halls, where they dine and sup. There they exercise themselves in music or in honest and wholesome conversation.

If any be desirous to visit their friends dwelling in another city, or to see the place itself, they easily obtain license from the magistrates, unless there is some reasonable objection. No man goes out alone, but a company is sent forth together with letters which testify that they have permission to go that journey, and which prescribe the day of their return. A wagon is given them, with a common bondman, who drives the oxen and takes charge of them. But unless they have women in the company they send the wagon home again. And though they carry nothing

with them, yet in all their journey they lack nothing. For wheresoever they come, they are at home. If they tarry in a place longer than one day, every one of them falls to work at his own occupation, and is very kindly entertained by the workmen of the same craft.

If any man on his own authority and without leave, walks out of his proper boundaries, he is taken and brought again for a fugitive or a runaway with great shame and rebuke, and is sharply punished. If he is taken in that fault again, he is punished with bondage. If any man wishes to walk abroad into the fields, or into the country that belongs to the same city that he dwells in, if he obtains the good-will of his father, and the consent of his wife, he is not prohibited. But into whatsoever part of the country he comes, he receives no meat until he has wrought out his forenoon's task, or despatched so much work as is usually accomplished before supper. Observing this law and condition, he may go wherever he will within the bounds of his own city.

In the council of Amaurot, whither, as I have said, each city sends three men every year, pains are taken to know what things are plentiful in every place and also what things are lacking in any place; and the lack of one place is supplied from the abundance of another. But when they have made sufficient provision of store for themselves (and this they do not consider done, until they have provided for two years to come), then they carry forth into other countries a generous supply of those things of which they have an abundance, such as grain, honey, wool, flax, wood, wax, tallow, leather, and living beasts. And the seventh part of all these things they give frankly and freely to the poor of the neighboring country. The rest they sell at a reasonable and low price.

By this traffic of merchandise they bring into their own country, not only great plenty of gold and silver, but also such things as they lack at home, especially iron. They do not circulate the money among themselves, but use the gold and silver, of which money is made, in such a way as the very nature of the thing deserves. For they regard it as plainly far below iron in value, for men can no better live without iron than without fire and water; whereas gold and silver is put to no use that we may not well lack. It is the folly of men that has set it in higher estimation because of its rareness. But Nature, as a most tender and loving mother, has placed the best and most necessary things where they are easy to find, as, for instance, the air, the water, and the earth itself, while she has hid from us vain and unprofitable things.

Therefore, if these metals among them should be fast locked up in some tower, it might be suspected that the prince and the council intended to deceive the common people and to gain profit from it themselves. Furthermore, if they should make from it plate, and such finely and cunningly wrought articles, and if at any time they should have occasion to break it and melt it again to pay their soldiers, they see very plainly that men would be loath to part from these things. To remedy all this they have found a means, which is not at all in accordance with our customs, since we value gold so highly and keep it so carefully. For while they eat and drink from earthen and glass vessels, they make their commonest utensils from silver and gold. And of the same metals they make great chains and fetters with which they fasten their bondmen. Finally, whosoever is convicted of any crime, has rings of gold hung in his ears and placed upon his finger, and wears a chain of gold about his neck. Thus by all possi-

ble means they bring silver and gold to reproach and infamy among them.

cir'cuit (sir'kit), the space enclosed by a curve.
jeop'ard ous, perilous.
hu man'i ty, culture.
hus'band ry, farming.
bul'wark, a defence.
pre'cept, a teaching, or rule.
in es'ti ma ble, above all price.
u ten'sil, that which is used; especially a vessel used in a kitchen.

Sir Thomas More (1480–1535) was an eminent prose writer of the time of Henry VIII, whose friend and counsellor he was. His romance, "Utopia," describes life in an ideal commonwealth, where men have just social conditions. The name Utopia is from the Greek, and means "Nowhere."

THE ROSE AND THE GARDENER

AUSTIN DOBSON

The Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood
As she thought of the Gardener standing by —
"He is old — so old; and he soon will die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread, till her heart lay bare,
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread,
"He is older now. He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze in the morning blew, and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mould.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty: the Gardener, Time.

Austin Dobson (1840–) is an English poet and critic.

CRANFORD PEOPLE

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

In the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses above a certain rent are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment or his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighboring commercial town of Drumble. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford.

What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maidservants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress — the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient.

"A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is *so* in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her

A CRANFORD TEA PARTY

own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but, somehow, good-will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirted out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the heads; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion; as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?" And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent, "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?" The materials of their clothes are, in general, good, and plain; but I will answer for it, the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford — and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to church on rainy days. Have you any red silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford; and the little boys mobbed it, and called it "a stick in petticoats." It might have been the very red silk one I have described, held by a strong father over a troop of little ones; the poor little lady — the survivor of all — could scarcely carry it.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls; and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in the town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Tinwald Mount.

"Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear" (fifteen miles in a gentle-

man's carriage). "They will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve — from twelve to three are our calling hours."

Then after they had called, —

"It is the third day. I daresay your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour."

"But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?"

"You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation."

As everybody had this rule in mind, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savored of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly fellow-feeling which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty.

When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall,

second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of one little maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home, under the guidance of a lantern-bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatables or drinkables, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge biscuits were all that the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practise such "elegant economy."

I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor — not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already moaning over the invasion of their territories by a gentleman. He was a half-pay captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighboring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned

against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor, — why, then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry.

"Poverty" was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality, could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were expensive. If we wore prints instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace.

Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority at a visit which I paid to Cranford about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit the captain and his daughters only twelve months before; and now he was even admitted in the tabooed hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked upstairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house.

He had been blind to all the small slights, and omissions of trivial ceremonies, with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had

been cool; and with his manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And at last his excellent masculine common sense had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on in his course, as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed as to cause some counsel which he had given in jest to be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: An old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter-of-an-hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betty Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin.

Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betty Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betty Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the captain heartily. She set to work, and by-and-by all the town

turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark gray flannel. I have watched her myself many a time.

Am'a zons, in Greek legend, a race of warlike women who were supposed to have dwelt on the coast of the Black Sea. They were represented as forming a state from which men were excluded.
dic ta to'ri al, overbearing.
ec cen tric'i ty, oddity.
re tal i a'tion, a paying back in kind.
co'gent, compelling assent; not easily denied.
gig'ot, the leg o' mutton sleeve.
Manx, relating to the Isle of Man, in the Irish Sea. The Manx people have many quaint customs.
Tin'wald Mount, in the Isle of Man, between Peel and Castletown.
Spar'tans, an ancient people of Greece whose boasted national virtue was indifference to suffering.
sent to Cov'en try, to send a man to Coventry is to take no notice of him whatever.
ta booed', forbidden.

MRS. ELIZABETH C. GASKELL (1810–1865) was an English novelist. She was greatly interested in the condition of the mill operatives in Manchester, England, and rendered notable service in relieving their poverty. "Cranford" is her most successful novel.

THE KING

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THEY rode right out of the morning sun —
A glimmering, glittering cavalcade
Of knights and ladies, and every one
In princely sheen arrayed;
And the king of them all, oh, rode he ahead,
With helmet of gold, and a plume of red
That spurted about in the breeze and bled
In the bloom of the everglade.

And they rode high over the dewy lawn,
With brave, glad banners of every hue
That rolled in ripples, as they rode on
In splendor, two and two;

And the tinkling links of the golden reins
Of the steeds they rode rang such refrains
As the castanets in a dream of Spain's
Intensest gold and blue.

And they rode and rode; and the steeds they neighed
And pranced, and the sun on their glossy hides
Flickered and lightened and glanced and played
Like the moon on rippling tides;
And their manes were silken, and thick and strong,
And their tales were flossy, and fetlock-long,
And jostled in time to the teeming throng
And the knightly song besides.

Clank of scabbard and jingle of spur,
And the fluttering sash of the queen went wild
In the wind, and the proud king glanced at her
As one at a wilful child,
And as knight and lady away they flew,
And the banners flapped, and the falcon, too,
And the lances flashed and the bugle blew;
He kissed his hand and smiled.

And then, like a slanting sunlit shower,
The pageant glittered across the plain,
And the turf spun back, and the wildweed flower
Was only a crimson stain.
And a dreamer's eyes they are downward cast,
As he blends these words with the wailing blast:
"It is the King of the Year rides past!"
And Autumn is here again.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1852. He was for some years a painter, and later a journalist. He has written a great many dialect poems, and unusually charming poems of childhood and nature.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THE name of James Russell Lowell, the poet, was first known to me at the age of nine years, when I began to go to the same school with him. He was four years older than I, but I often heard about him from an elder brother of mine who was in his class. My brother was large and strong, being the "big boy" of the school, and he held among the pupils the honorary title of "Daddy." I, being the youngest in the school, looked up to him and to all his classmates as being somewhat like the heroes of the American Revolution, and he was my champion at times when the older and rougher boys ventured to treat me badly. I think he occasionally protected Lowell also, who was small and slight.

Lowell was not then a handsome boy, but he had a fine forehead and very fine eyes, which lighted up what was otherwise a rather heavy face. He and I, with my brother and William Story, afterwards famous as a sculptor, had the good fortune to be the only day scholars in the school; the boys who boarded there had a much less pleasant time. Mr. Wells, the principal of the school, was an Englishman and a firm believer in the effects of a birch rod, which descended freely on his scholars when they did not behave to his liking. There was much grumbling among the boys as to the food, which they thought scanty and poor; but I well remember the joy it was to me to be occasionally asked to stay to dinner, and to have the unusual and exciting sensation of having pudding before meat, an old English habit which was practised at the school.

Lowell was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Febru-

ary 22, 1819. He was the youngest of seven children, and was the favorite of his father, a Unitarian minister, and used often to go with him when he drove into the country to exchange Sunday services with some other preacher. Sometimes these drives were eight or nine hours long. In this way, even as a child, Lowell became familiar with farmers and people living in the country, such persons as he, in after years, put into his "Biglow Papers," one of his best-known books.

Lowell received his earliest instruction in what was called a dame-school — that is, a school kept by women — and later he went, as I have said, to Mr. Wells's school. At fifteen he entered Harvard College, where he became very popular; for he was socially brilliant then, as he was all through his life, and made friends easily. He wrote in rhyme the records of a club called the "Hasty Pudding Club," but in later years he caused these pages to be cut out from the record book, to the great disappointment of the younger members of the club.

Lowell was not a hard worker in college, though he wrote a friend in his senior year, "I am as busy as a bee — almost. I study and read and write all the time." He seems to have spent a good deal of his time during the four years of his college course simply in fun; and finally, after some particularly mischievous prank, the faculty suspended him — that is, sent him away from college for a few months.

This suspension was a hard blow, for Lowell had been chosen poet of his class, and as he could not come back until after Class Day, he could not read his poem in public on that day. Afterwards the poem was published anonymously, and now it is very much valued; booksellers pay very high prices for copies of it because they are so rare.

In 1837 Lowell wrote to a friend, "I thought —— was

studying law. I intend to study that myself, and shall probably be Chief Justice of the United States." But after his graduation he hesitated some time before he could decide what he wanted to do, often thinking that he would rather go into business than law. Finally, however, he entered the Harvard Law School, taking his degree in 1840. Still, he was much more fond of literature than of law, and I remember that my elder brother, before mentioned, came home one night and announced, "Jimmie Lowell thinks he is going to be a poet!" This news was very exciting to my boyish mind, and I waited eagerly to see what kind of poetry his would be.

After Lowell left the Law School his father suddenly lost almost all his property, and as the young man was already engaged to be married, he began to write verses and send them to various magazines to get money. Some of his writings were signed with the name, "Hugh Percival." Many of the poems were rather youthful in style and tone, but they showed great promise for his future work.

At the end of the year 1840 Lowell's first book of poems was published, under the title "A Year's Life," and three years later a second one appeared. Soon after the publication of the second book he was married, and began what is best known among his works, the collection of verses in the New England country dialect, called the "Biglow Papers." Later, during the time before the Civil War, he made Hosea Biglow, the Yankee countryman in the "Biglow Papers," utter all the feelings of the people of the North. When the war was over, he wrote the now famous "Commemoration Ode" and read it on commencement day at Harvard. This poem is in many respects the best he ever wrote.

owell often wrote gay verses as well as grave ones. He composed a nursery ballad, which was very popular with children in its day. The first two lines are familiar to every child, but Lowell wanted to add to them. This is what he wrote: —

"Lady bird, lady bird, fly away home!
Your house is on fire, your children will burn!
Send for the engines, and send for the men,
Perhaps we can put it out again:
Send for the ladders, and send for the hose,
Perhaps we can put it out, nobody knows;
Sure, nobody's case was ever sadder,
To the nursery window clap the ladder,
If they are there, and not done brown,
They'll open the window and hopple down!

"Splish, splash! fizz and squirt!
All my things ruined with water and dirt,
All my new carpets torn to flinders,
Trodden in with mud and cinders!
My mirrors smashed, my bedsteads racked,
My company tea-set chipped and cracked!
Save, my child, my carpets and chairs,
And I'll give you leave to burn my heirs;
They are little six-legged, spotted things,
If they have any sense, they'll use their wings;
If they have any sense, they'll use their legs;
Or, at worst, it is easy to lay more eggs."

In 1855 Lowell succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard. This position he held for twenty years. During the first years of this time he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and made it into a successful and brilliant periodical. He went a little into political life also, and was asked at one time to become a candidate for election to Congress, but declined.

Lowell had, before this time, been abroad several times, and at length he received a proposition from the President that he should go as United States Minister to Vienna or Berlin. He declined this offer, but hinted that he would be willing to go to Spain. He was accordingly sent to Madrid, where he remained for three years. He found society there very gay. In one of his letters he has given a very amusing account of all the ceremony that attended his introduction to the Spanish king. He says:

"The second introducer of ambassadors (the first was at the seashore) came to make arrangements for my official reception. The introducer was in a great stew, and made us at least six visits to repeat the same thing in the course of the forenoon. At ten minutes before two a couple of royal coaches arrived, the first for —— and the second (more gorgeous) for me. Mounted guards, with three-cornered hats and jack-boots, rode on each side in files. The introducer, blazing with gold and orders, sat on my right, and we started at a foot pace for the palace, about a hundred yards away. The troops and bands saluted as we passed, and, alighting, we were escorted through long suites of rooms to the royal presence. There I found the king, with many of the court dignitaries in a long semicircle, his Majesty in the middle. I made one bow at the door, a second midway, and a third on facing the king. I made my speech in English, he answered me in Spanish, then came forward and exchanged a few compliments with me in French, and all was over."

In 1880 Lowell was transferred to London, where he became immensely popular. Queen Victoria said, when he went away, that no ambassador "had ever excited more interest, or won more general regard in England." His ready wit and brilliancy won all hearts, but he himself

could never understand why he was such a favorite there. "Nothing in my life," he wrote, "has ever puzzled me so much as my popularity here in England — which I have done nothing and been nothing to deserve."

As Lowell's second wife and three of his children had died, when he returned from London, he was unwilling to make his home again at Elmwood, the old house where he was born; and it was not until the last years of his life that he lived there again. He spent his time between Boston and Europe, still continuing to write, and just before his death at Elmwood, August 12, 1891, he had put into final shape a complete edition of his works.

The following extract from one of Lowell's letters, written to his nephew, is good for every boy to read: —

"Let me counsel you to make use of all your visits to the country as opportunities for an education which is of great importance, in which town-bred boys are commonly lacking, and which can never be so cheaply acquired as in boyhood. . . . Now when you are at school you are furnishing your brain with what can be obtained from books. You are training and enriching your intellect. While you are in the country, you should remember that you are in the great school of the senses. Train your eyes and ears. Learn to know all the trees by their bark and leaves, by their general shape and manner of growth. Learn also to know all the birds by sight, by their notes, by their manner of flying; all the animals by their general appearance and gait or the localities they frequent. You would be ashamed not to know the name and use of every piece of furniture in the house; and we ought to be as familiar with every object in the world, which is only a larger kind of house."

di'a lect, a form of speech peculiar to one region.

PRELUDE TO THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Over his keys the musing organist,
  Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
  And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then as the touch of his loved instrument
  Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
  Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
  Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies:
  With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
  Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
  Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
  The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
  We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
  We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
  Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for the grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
  'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
  In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
  The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes of the season's youth,

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

list, please; desire.
au ro'ral, pertaining to dawn.
we Si'nais climb, see Exodus xix. 20.
ben e dic'i te, benediction.
Dru'ids, ancient British priests, who worshipped in oak groves. The oak tree stood for the supreme God, and the mistletoe for man's dependence.
Druid wood, the forest, with all the meaning that the Druids saw in it.
shrive, to hear confession from.
cap and bells, the mark of the fool or jester in the courts of the kings in the Middle Ages.
chal'ice, a cup; especially the cup of a flower.
cour'i er, a forerunner and bearer of tidings.
sul'phur ous rifts, violent outbursts.

THE BIRCH TREE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Rippling through thy branches goes the sunshine,
Among thy leaves that palpitate forever;
Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had prisoned,
The soul once of some tremulous inland river,
Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah! dumb, dumb forever!

While all the forest, witched with slumberous moonshine,
Holds up its leaves in happy, happy stillness,
Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse suspended,
I hear afar thy whispering, gleamy islands,
And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung silence.

On the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet,
Thy foliage, like the tresses of a Dryad,
Dripping round thy slim white stem, whose shadow
Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet,
Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would some startled Naiad.

"THE PALPITATING BIRCHES"

Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers;
Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping;
Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weeping
Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences;
Thy shadow scarce seems shade, thy pattering leaflets
Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,
Thou sympathizest still; wild and unquiet,
I fling me down; thy ripple, like a river,
Flows valleyward, where calmness is, and by it
My heart is floated down into the land of quiet.

Ov'id, a Roman poet. Lowell thinks that Ovid would have made some such pretty story as this about the tree.

Dry'ad, a wood nymph, whose life was bound up with that of her tree.

Na'iad, a water nymph.

THE MIND

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

peer'eth, appears; may be seen, although poorly clothed.

THE SHIPWRECK

CHARLES READE

This selection is from "The Cloister and the Hearth," one of the great historical novels. The event described is supposed to have taken place soon after the middle of the fifteenth century.

The natives of a little maritime place between Naples and Rome were flocking to the beach, with eyes cast seaward at a ship that labored against a stiff gale blowing dead on the shore. At times she seemed likely to weather the danger, and then the spectators congratulated her aloud; at others the wind and sea drove her visibly nearer, and the lookers-on were not without a secret satisfaction they would not have owned even to themselves.

The poor ship, though not scientifically built for sailing, was admirably constructed for going ashore, with her extravagant poop that caught the wind, and her lines like a cocked hat reversed. To those on the beach, that battered, laboring frame of wood seemed alive and struggling against death with a panting heart. But could they have been transferred to her deck, they would have seen she had not one beating heart, but many, and not one nature, but a score, were coming out clear in that fearful hour.

The mariners stumbled wildly about the deck, handling the ropes as each thought fit, and cursing and praying alternately. The passengers were huddled together round the mast, some sitting, some kneeling, some lying prostrate and grasping the bulwarks as the vessel rolled and pitched in the mighty waves. One comely young man whose ashy cheek, but compressed lips, showed how hard terror was battling in him with self-respect, stood a little apart, holding tight by a shroud, and wincing at each sea. It was

the ill-fated Gerard. Meantime prayers and vows rose from the trembling throng amidships, and, to hear them, it seemed there were almost as many gods about as men and women.

Suddenly, a more powerful gust than usual catching the sail at a disadvantage, the rotten shrouds gave way, and the sail was torn out with a loud crack and went down the wind smaller and smaller, blacker and blacker, and fluttered into the sea half a mile off like a sheet of paper; and, ere the helmsman could put the ship's head before the wind, a wave caught her on the quarter and drenched the poor wretches to the bone, and gave them a foretaste of chill death.

Two petty Neapolitan traders stood shivering. One shouted at the top of his voice, "I vow to St. Christopher at Paris a waxen image of his own weight, if I win safe to land." Others lay flat, and prayed to the sea. "O most merciful sea! O sea most glorious! O bountiful sea! O beautiful sea, be gentle, be kind, preserve us in this hour of peril." And others wailed and moaned in mere animal terror each time the ill-fated ship rolled or pitched more terribly then usual; and she was now a mere plaything in the arms of the tremendous waves.

A Roman woman of the humbler class sat with her child at her breast, silent amid that wailing throng, her cheek ashy pale, her eye calm; and her lips moved at times in silent prayer, but she never wept nor lamented nor bargained with the gods. Whenever the ship seemed really gone under their feet, and bearded men squeaked, she kissed her child, but that was all. And so she sat patient, and suckled him in death's jaws; for why should he lose any joy she could give him? Ay, there I do believe sat Antiquity among those mediævals. Sixteen hundred years had not

tainted the old Roman blood in her veins; and the instinct of a race she had perhaps scarce heard of taught her to die with decent dignity.

A gigantic friar stood on the poop with feet apart like the Colossus of Rhodes, not so much defying as ignoring the peril that surrounded him. He recited verses from the canticles with a loud, unwavering voice, and invited the passengers to confess to him. Some did so on their knees, and he heard them, and laid his hands on them and absolved them, as if he had been in a snug sacristy instead of a perishing ship. Gerard got nearer and nearer to him, by the instinct that takes the wavering to the side of the impregnable. And, in truth, the courage of heroes facing fleshly odds might have paled by the side of that gigantic friar, and his still more gigantic composure. Thus, even here, two were found who maintained the dignity of our race: a woman, tender, yet heroic, and a monk steeled by religion against mortal fears.

And now, the sail being gone, the sailors cut down the useless mast a foot above the board, and it fell with its remaining hamper over the ship's side. This seemed to relieve her a little. But now the hull, no longer impelled by canvas, could not keep ahead of the sea. It struck her again and again, and the tremendous blows seemed given by a rocky mountain, not by a liquid.

The captain left the helm and came amidships, pale as death. "Lighten her," he cried. "Fling all overboard, or we shall founder ere we strike, and lose the one little chance we have of life." While the sailors were executing this order, the captain, pale himself, and surrounded by pale faces that demanded to know their fate, was talking as unlike an English skipper in like peril as can well be imagined. "Friends," said he, "last night, when all

was fair, — too fair, alas! — there came a globe of fire close to the ship. When a pair of them come, it is good luck, and naught can drown her that voyage. We mariners call these fiery globes Castor and Pollux. But if Castor come without Pollux, or Pollux without Castor, she is doomed. Therefore, like good Christians, prepare to die."

These words were received with a loud wail.

To a trembling inquiry how long they had to prepare, the captain replied: "She may, or may not, last half an hour; over that, impossible. She leaks like a sieve; bustle, men, lighten her."

The poor passengers seized on everything that was on deck, and flung it overboard. Presently they laid hold of a heavy sack; an old man was lying on it, seasick. They lugged it from under him. It rattled. Two of them drew it to the side; up started the owner, and, with an unearthly shriek, pounced on it. "Holy Moses! what would you do? 'Tis my all; 'tis the whole fruits of my journey: silver candlesticks, silver plates, brooches — "

"Let go, thou hoary villain," cried the others; "shall all our lives be lost for thy ill-gotten gear?" "Fling him in with it," cried one. Numbers soon wrenched it from him, and heaved it over the side. It splashed into the waves. Then its owner uttered one cry of anguish, and stood glaring, his white hair streaming in the wind; he was going to leap after it, and would, had it floated. But it sank, and was gone forever; and he staggered to and fro, tore his hair, and cursed them and the ship and the sea, and all the powers of heaven and hell alike.

And now the captain cried out: "See, there is a church in sight. Steer for that church, mate, and you, friends, pray to the saint, whoe'er he be." So they steered for the church, and prayed to the unknown saint it was named

after. A tremendous sea broke the rudder, and jammed it immovable, and flooded the deck.

Then, wild with superstitious terror, some of them came round Gerard. "Here is the cause of all," they cried. "He has never invoked a single saint. He is a heathen; here is a pagan aboard."

"Alas, good friends, say not so," said Gerard, his teeth chattering with cold and fear. "Rather call these heathen, that lie praying to the sea. Friends, I do honor the saints, but I dare not pray to them now; there is no time— Oh! oh! oh! I must need go straight to Him that made the sea, and the saints, and me."

At this moment the sailors were seen preparing to desert the sinking ship in the little boat, which even at that epoch every ship carried; then there was a rush of egotists, and thirty souls crowded into it. There remained behind three who were bewildered, and two who were paralyzed with terror. The paralyzed sat like heaps of wet rags, the bewildered ones ran to and fro, and saw the thirty put off, but made no attempt to join them; only kept running to and fro, and wringing their hands. Besides these there was one on his knees praying over the wooden statue of the Virgin Mary, as large as life, which the sailors had reverently detached from the mast. It washed about the deck as the water came slushing in from the sea, and pouring out at the scuppers; and this poor soul kept following it on his knees, with his hands clasped at it and the water playing with it.

And the gigantic Dominican, having shriven the whole ship, stood calmly communing with his own spirit. And the Roman woman sat pale and patient, only drawing her child closer to her bosom as death came nearer.

Gerard saw this, and it awakened his manhood. "See!

see!" he said; "they have ta'en the boat and left the poor woman and her child to perish."

His heart soon set his wit working.

"Wife, I'll save thee yet, please God." And he ran to find a cask or a plank to float her. There was none.

Then his eye fell on the wooden image of the Virgin. He caught it up in his arms, and, heedless of a wail that issued from its worshipper, like a child robbed of its toy, ran aft with it. "Come, wife," he cried; "I'll lash thee and the child to this. 'Tis sore worm-eaten, but 'twill serve."

She turned her great dark eye on him, and said a single word: "Thyself?" but with wonderful magnanimity and tenderness.

"I am a man, and have no child to take care of."

"Ah!" said she, and his words seemed to animate her face with a desire to live. He lashed the image to her side. Then with the hope of life she lost something of her heroic calm; not much. Her body trembled a little, but not her eye.

The ship was now so low in the water, that by using an oar as a lever, he could slide her into the waves.

"Come," said he, "while yet there is time."

She turned her great Roman eyes, wet now, upon him. "Poor youth! God forgive me! My child!" and he launched her on the surge, and with his oar kept her from being battered against the ship.

A heavy hand fell on him; a deep sonorous voice sounded in his ear: "'Tis well. Now come with me."

It was the gigantic friar.

Gerard turned, and the friar took two strides, and laid hold of the broken mast. Gerard did the same, obeying him instinctively. Between them, after a prodigious effort, they hoisted up the remainder of the mast, and carried it

off. "Fling it in," said the friar, "and follow it." They flung it in; but one of the bewildered passengers had run after them and jumped first and got on one end. Gerard seized the other, the friar the middle. It was a terrible situation. The mast rose and plunged with each wave like a kicking horse, and the spray flogged their faces mercilessly, and blinded them, to help knock them off.

Presently was heard a long, grating noise ahead. The ship had struck; and soon after, she being stationary now, they were hurled against her with tremendous force. Their companion's head struck against the upper part of the broken rudder with a horrible crack, and was smashed like a cocoanut by a sledge-hammer. The friar uttered a short Latin prayer for the safety of his soul, and took his place composedly. They rolled along; one moment they saw nothing, and seemed down in a mere basin of water hills; the next they caught glimpses of the shore speckled bright with people, who kept throwing up their arms with wild Italian gestures to encourage them, and the black boat driving bottom upward, and between it and them the woman rising and falling like themselves. She had come across a paddle, and was holding her child tight with her left arm, and paddling gallantly with her right.

When they had tumbled along thus a long time, suddenly the friar said quietly, "I touched the ground."

"Impossible, father," said Gerard; "we are more than a hundred yards from shore. Prithee, prithee, leave not our faithful mast."

"My son," said the friar, "you speak prudently. But know that I have business of Holy Church on hand, and may not waste time floating when I can walk in her service. There, I felt it with my toes again; see the benefit of wearing sandals and not shoon. Again; and sandy.

Thy stature is less than mine; keep to the mast! I walk."

He left the mast accordingly, and extending his powerful arms, rushed through the water. Gerard soon followed him. At each overpowering wave the monk stood like a tower, and closing his mouth, threw his head back to encounter it, and was entirely lost under it awhile; then emerged and ploughed lustily on. At last they came close to the shore, but the suction outward baffled all their attempts to land. Then the natives sent stout fishermen into the sea, holding by long spears in a triple chain; and so dragged them ashore.

The friar shook himself, bestowed a short paternal benediction on the natives, and went on to Rome, with eyes bent on earth, according to his rule, and without pausing. He did not even cast a glance back upon that sea which had so nearly ingulfed him, but had no power to harm him without his Master's leave.

While the friar stalked on to Rome without looking back, Gerard grasped every hand upon the beach. They brought him to an enormous fire, and with a delicacy he would hardly have encountered in the north, left him to dry himself alone; on this he took out of his bosom a parchment and a paper, and dried them carefully. When this was done to his mind, and not till then, he consented to put on a fisherman's dress and leave his own by the fire, and went down to the beach. What he saw may be briefly related.

The captain stuck by the ship, not so much from gallantry as from a conviction that it was idle to resist Castor or Pollux, whichever it was, that had come for him in a ball of fire. Nevertheless the sea broke up the ship, and swept the poor captain and all clear of the rest, and took him safe ashore. The disconsolate Hebrew landed on another

fragment, and on touching earth, offered a reward for his bag, which excited little sympathy, but some amusement. Two more were saved on pieces of the wreck. The thirty egotists came ashore, but one at a time, and dead.

As Gerard stood by the sea watching, with horror and curiosity mixed, his late companions washed ashore, a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder. He turned. It was the Roman matron, burning with womanly gratitude. She took his hand gently, and, raising it slowly to her lips, kissed it; but so nobly, she seemed to be conferring an honor. Then, with face all beaming, and moist eyes, she held her child up, and made him kiss his preserver.

Gerard kissed the child more than once, but he said nothing. He was much moved; for she did not speak at all, except with her eyes, and glowing cheeks, and noble antique gesture, so large and stately. Perhaps she was right. Gratitude is not a thing of words. It was an ancient Roman matron thanking a modern from her heart of hearts.

bul'warks, here, the sides of a ship above the upper deck.
Pol'y the ism, worship of many gods.
shrouds, a set of ropes staying the mast of a ship.
Ne a pol'i tan, belonging to Naples, Italy.
med i æ'vals, people of the Middle Ages (*i.e.* roughly, the period from the sixth to the fifteenth centuries).
Co los'sus of Rhodes. An enormous figure built in the harbor of Rhodes, representing the sun-god, Helios. It was one of the "seven wonders of the world."
fri'ar, a monk; a priest.
cant'i cle, a passage from the Bible, chanted in church service.
sac'ris ty, an apartment in a church.
ab solve', to declare forgiveness for sin.
im preg'na ble, strong to resist attack; unconquerable.
Cas'tor and Pol'lux, in mythology Castor and Pollux were twin brothers. They were supposed to have been transferred to the heavens as a constellation.
pa'gan, a worshipper of false gods.
e'go tist, one whose thought is centred on himself.
scup'pers, openings in the ship's bulwarks to let water off the deck.
Do min'i can, one of the order of monks named after St. Dominic.
shoon, shoes.

CHARLES READE (1814–1884) was a popular English novelist and dramatist

ANNABEL LEE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by her side
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809–1849) was an American poet and writer of tales. Much of his poetry is remarkable for its rhythm.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THAT wonderful book, the "Pilgrim's Progress," while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr. Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories. In every nursery the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant-Killer."

Every reader knows the plain and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times.

This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should be the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket gate and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction, the long line of road as straight as a rule can make it, the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace at the doors of which armed men kept guard and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulchre, the steep hill and the pleasant arbor, the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside, the chained lions in the porch, the green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street.

Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pilgrim fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes to terrify the adventurers. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the

long valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There stand Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit trees. On the left branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbor. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and sheets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

fas tid'i ous, difficult to please.
des'ul to ry, passing from one subject to another without order.
il lit'er ate, untaught.
sec'ta ry, a follower of some particular teaching in religious matters; here the reference is to Bunyan.
pe dan'tic, making a show of learning.
big'ot ed, unreasonably devoted to some creed or opinion.
To'ry, one of a political party in England who believed in keeping things as they were, and supported the authority of the king and the church.
the tin'ker, that is, Bunyan.
de cliv'i ty, a downward slope.
dis cern'i ble, capable of being seen.
noi'some, offensive in smell.
de lec'ta ble, delightful.

VANITY FAIR

JOHN BUNYAN

THEN I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "all that cometh is vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years agone, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are. And Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that should last all the year long; therefore, at this fair, are all such merchandises sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And, moreover, at this fair there are at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind. Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, false swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And as in other fairs of less moment, there are the sev-

eral rows and streets, under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz. countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But as in other fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Vanity and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs "go out of the world." The prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he have but done him reverence as he went through the town.

Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that blessed one to cheapen and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but, behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons: for,—

First: The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair, made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they were outlandish men.

Secondly: And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan, but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly: But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers, was that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in Heaven.

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, "We buy the truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take these men into examination about whom the fair was almost overturned.

So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them, asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there, in such unusual garb?

VANITY FAIR

After H. C. Selous

The men told them that they were pilgrims, and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given none occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them, did not believe them to be any other than bedlams, and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair.

There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the main objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for the continual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in angry manner, let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes.

The others replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides, (the men

behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them,) they fell to some blows and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should further speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them.

But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side several of the men in the fair, though but few in comparison of the rest. This put the other party yet into greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that the cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks. They now comforted each other, and committed themselves to the All-wise dispose of Him that ruleth all things, with much content, they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hategood. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form; the contents whereof were this:—

"That they were enemies to and disturbers of their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince."

Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. "And," said he, "as for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace; the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels."

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their lord the king against him.

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: "My lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honorable bench, that he is —"

Judge. "Hold! Give him his oath." So they sware him. Then he said — "My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country. He neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he, in the general, calls principles of faith and holiness. And, in particular, I heard him once myself condemn the customs of our town of Vanity. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us

in the doing of them." Then did the judge say to him, "Hast thou any more to say?"

Envy. "My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him." So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they sware him; so he began.

Superstition. "My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him; however, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that, the other day, I had with him in this town; for then, talking with him, I heard him say that our religion was nought. Which sayings of his, my lord, your lordship very well knows what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we still do worship in vain, and are yet in our sins, and this is that which I have to say."

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew, in behalf of their lord the king, against the prisoner at the bar.

Pickthank. "My lord, and you gentlemen all, this fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoke; for he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honorable friends, whose names are the lord Old Man, the lord Carnal Delight, the lord Luxurious, the lord Desire of Vain Glory, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility. He hath said, more-

over, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town."

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, "Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?"

Faithful. "May I speak a few words in my own defence?"

Judge. "Sirrah! sirrah! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us see what thou hast to say." . . .

Then the judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe): "Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town. You have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him. Also you have heard his reply and confession. It lieth now in your breasts to hang him or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

"There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that, lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whosoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace.

"There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, for some time, called upon any god but him, should be cast into the lions' den. Now the substance of these laws, this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed; which must therefore needs be intolerable.

"For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputed against our religion; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death."

Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge.

And first, among themselves, Mr. Blind-man, the foreman, said, "I see clearly that this man is an heretic." Then said Mr. No-good, "Away with such a fellow from the earth." "Ay," said Mr. Malice, "for I hate the very looks of him; I could never endure him." "Nor I," said Mr. Live-loose, "for he would always be condemning my way." "Hang him, hang him," said Mr. Heady. "A sorry scrub," said Mr. High-mind. "My heart riseth against him," said Mr. Enmity. "He is a rogue," said Mr. Liar. "Hanging is too good for him," said Mr. Cruelty. "Let us despatch him out of the way," said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, "Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore, let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death."

And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented. They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and, first, they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had despatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate.

But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison. So he there remained for a space; but He that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in His own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

Be el'ze bub, called in the Bible, "prince of the devils."
vend'ed, sold.
lust'y, pleasant; attractive.
The prince of princes himself, etc. For an explanation of this passage, see Matt. iv. 1–11.
bed'lams, madmen.
car'ri age, here, behavior.
pil'lo ry, a frame of wood erected on a post, with holes through which were put the head and hands of an offender, who was thus exposed to public ridicule.
ig'no mi ny, deep disgrace.
ar raigned', charged with crime or offence.
re mand'ed, ordered back.
in dict'(dīt)ment, accusation.
vil'i fy ing, slandering; treating as worthless.
run'a gate, a vagabond.
sir'rah, fellow.
Neb u chad nez'zar, an ancient king of Babylonia, in western Asia. See Daniel i.–iv., especially chap. iii.
Pha'raoh(rō), a name given to the ancient rulers of Egypt. See Ex. i. 22.
Da ri'us, king of Persia, 521–486 B.C. See Daniel v. 31, and chap. vi.
buf'fet, to strike with the fist.

THE GRASSHOPPER

ANACREON

Happy insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink and dance and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All the summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough,
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But when thou'st drunk and danced and sung

Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Gan'y mede, in mythology, the cup-bearer of the gods.
Phœ'bus, one of the names of Apollo, the sun-god.
vo lup'tu ous, given up to the enjoyment of luxury and pleasure.
hinds, peasants.
Ep i cu re'an, fond of pleasure. Epicurus was a Greek philosopher who taught that pleasure was the greatest good which men could seek.

ANACREON was a famous Greek poet who lived from 563 to 478 B.C. This poem was translated by ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618–1667), an English writer of graceful verse.

THE BIRD

JOHN RUSKIN

THE bird is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes. The air is in all its quills; it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like a blown flame; it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it — *is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice: unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat

of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air. On these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness, the rubies of the clouds, the vermilion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky, — all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea-sand; — even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

IN PRAISE OF SINGING BIRDS

IZAAK WALTON

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and throssel (song-thrush), with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to! Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the laverock (skylark), the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures,

breathes such sweet loud music, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"

IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683) was a noted English author, whose most famous book was "The Complete Angler."

THE PILGRIMS OF 1620

EDWARD EVERETT

METHINKS I see one solitary, adventurous vessel, the *Mayflower*, of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation, in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route, — and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves.

The awful voice of the storm brawls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats against the staggering vessel.

I see them escape from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five

months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, — weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did a shadow of a colony on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

And is it possible, that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

EDWARD EVERETT (1794-1865) was a distinguished American orator and statesman. He filled at various times the positions of President of Harvard College, Minister to England, and Secretary of State.

HORATIUS

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Lucius Tarquinius Superbus, "Tarquin the Proud," was the seventh and last king of Rome. His rule was so tyrannical, and the deeds of his son Sextus were so wicked, that the whole family was expelled from the city. Tarquin and his two sons took refuge in the country of Etru'ria, to the north of Rome and west of the river Tiber. Here they found a friend in Lars Por'sena, the king of the Etruscan city of Clu'si um, with whom they made an alliance. In 509 B.C. Lars Porsena marched with a great army to the gates of Rome to replace Tarquin on the throne. The following poem tells how the Etruscans were prevented from entering the city, even after gaining a victory outside the walls.

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain

From many a stately market-place;
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine. . . .

The harvests of Arretium,
This year old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay. . . .

They held a council standing
Before the River Gate.
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul,
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,

And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears. . . .

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

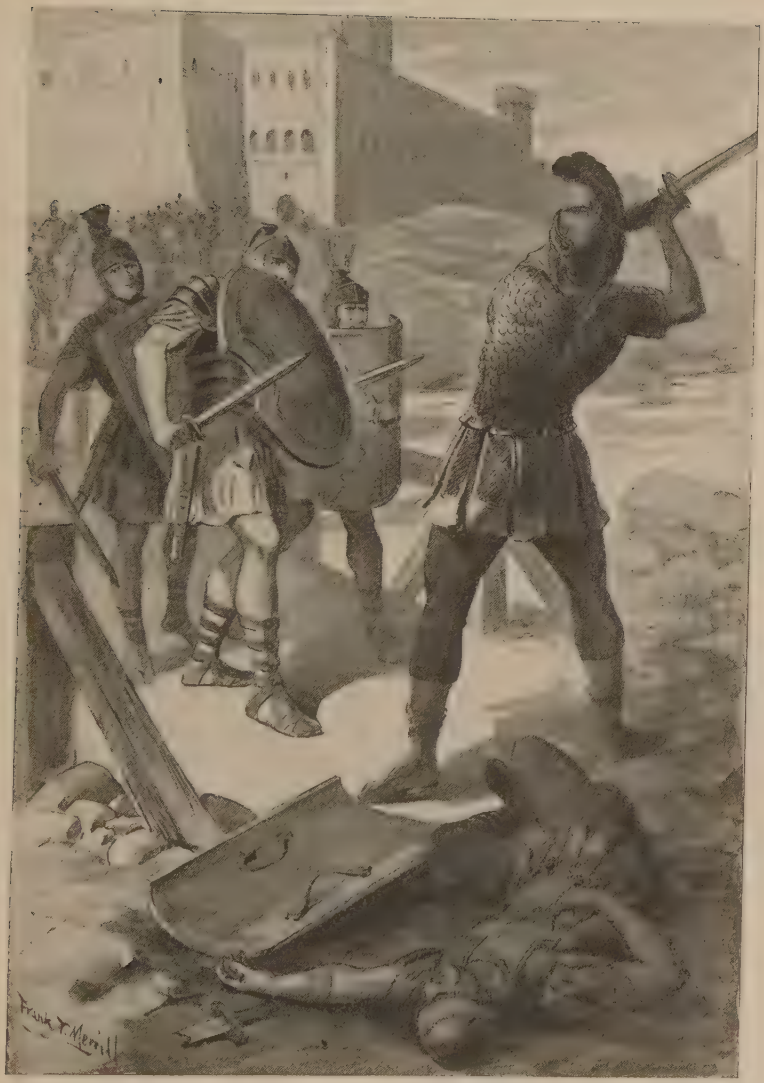
Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius,
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Went forth the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrels
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.



HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

Now, while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light;
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way. . . .

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;

Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice-accurséd sail." . . .

"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at this haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses
In the path of the dauntless Three.
And from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys, who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair

Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack?
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet peal
Dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,

And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius;
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank.
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows.
And oft they thought him sinking;
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place.
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,

And our good Father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;

When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom, —
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

The nine gods, of Etruria. The three chief ones were Ju'no, Min er'va, and Tin'ia.
a main', in full force.
Ap'en nines, a mountain range which runs through Italy.
Ar re'ti um, Lu'na, Su'tri um, towns of Etruria.
Um'bro, a river in Etruria.
must, the juice of the grape, trodden out in the wine-press.
La'tian, belonging to the province of La'tium, in Italy, in which Rome was situated.
Tus'cu lan, belonging to the city of Tusculum, in Latium.
cham paign', a flat, open country.
Rock Tar pe'ian, a rocky peak in the city of Rome; from it condemned criminals were hurled to their death.
burgh'ers, those who dwell in a town.
Fathers of the City, the Roman senate.
Con'sul, one of the two chief rulers in the time after Rome ceased to be a kingdom.
Ja nic'u lum, the highest of the seven hills of Rome.
Ram'ni an, Ti'tian, the Ramnes and Tities were two of the three tribes into which the ancient Roman people were said to have been divided; the third was called the Luceres.
Os'tia, a city in Latium, at the mouth of the Tiber; a port of Rome.
Cam pa'ni a, a province in Italy southeast of Latium.
Pal a ti'nus, one of the hills of Rome.
Tus'ca ny, Etruria.
ween, think; fancy.
shut'tle, an instrument for passing the thread from one side of the cloth to the other, in weaving.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800–1859) was a renowned English historian, poet, essayist, and statesman. His style is a model of purity, clearness, and vigor. The poem here given is abridged from his "Lays of Ancient Rome."

DEFINITION OF GOOD BREEDING

LORD CHESTERFIELD

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody who has good sense and good nature can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are to be acquired only by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same.

Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general — their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine.

Mutual complaisance, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences are as natural an implied compact between civilized people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.

Thus much for good breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it. Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors, such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different.

The man of fashion and of the world expresses it in its fullest extent, but naturally, easily, and without concern; whereas a man who is not used to keep good company expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal; but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect which everybody means to show in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them is, for the time at least, supposed to be on a footing of equality with the rest; and consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behavior and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden.

If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show

him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women, who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies must be officiously attended to, and if possible, guessed at and anticipated by a well-bred man.

You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right, such as the best places, the best dishes, etc.; but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others, who, in their turns, will offer them to you, so that upon the whole, you will in your turn enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shows his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce, the practice.

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful

liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed.

The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships require a degree of good breeding both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides, and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you — it would be misplaced between us — but I shall certainly observe that degree of good breeding with you which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

com'plai sance, disposition to please or oblige.
Ar is ti'des, a Greek statesman and general, surnamed "The Just."
lat'i tude, freedom from restraint,
of fi'cious, courteous; forward in offering services.
an tip'a thy, dislike.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE (1694–1773), the fourth earl of Chesterfield, was an English politician, orator, and author, famous as a man of fashion. His chief work is "Letters to his Son," from which this selection is taken. These letters give instruction in manners and morals.

FORTUNE

ALFRED TENNYSON

TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

E. Burne-Jones

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

THE NORTHMEN AND THEIR LEGENDS

THOMAS CARLYLE

It is doubtless very savage, that kind of valor of the old Northmen. Snorro tells us they thought it a shame and misery not to die in battle; and if natural death seemed to be coming on, they would cut wounds in their flesh, that Odin might receive them as warriors slain. Old kings about to die had their bodies laid into a ship, the ship sent forth, with sails set and slow fire burning it, that, once out to sea, it might blaze up in flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old hero, at once in the sky and in the ocean! Wild bloody valor; yet valor of its kind; better, I say, than none. In the old sea-kings too, what an indomitable rugged energy!

The old Norse songs have a truth in them, an inward perennial truth and greatness, — as, indeed, any must have that can very long preserve itself by tradition alone. It is a greatness not of mere body and gigantic bulk, but a rude greatness of soul.

One of Thor's expeditions to Utgard (the Outer Garden, central seat of Jötun-land) is remarkable in this respect. Thialfi was with him, and Loke. After various adventures, they entered upon Giant-land; wandered over plains, wild uncultivated places, among stones and trees. At nightfall they noticed a house; and as the door, which indeed formed one whole side of the house, was open, they entered. It

was a simple habitation: one large hall, altogether empty. They stayed there.

Suddenly, in the dead of the night, loud noises alarmed them. Thor grasped his hammer; stood in the door, prepared for fight. His companions within ran hither and thither in their terror, seeking some outlet in that rude hall; they found a little closet at last, and took refuge there. Neither had Thor any battle, for, lo, in the morning it turned out that the noise had been only the snoring of a certain enormous but peaceable giant, the Giant Skrymir, who lay peaceably sleeping near by; and this that they took for a house was merely his glove, thrown aside there; the door was the glove-wrist; the little closet they had fled into was the thumb! Such a glove; I remark too that it had not fingers as ours have, but only a thumb, and the rest undivided — a most ancient, rustic glove!

Skrymir now carried their portmanteau all day. Thor, however, had his own suspicions, did not like the ways of Skrymir, determined at night to put an end to him as he slept. Raising his hammer, he struck down into the giant's face a right thunderbolt blow, of force to rend rocks. The giant merely awoke; rubbed his cheek, and said, "Did a leaf fall?" Again Thor struck, so soon as Skrymir again slept, a better blow than before; but the giant only murmured, "Was that a grain of sand?" Thor's third stroke was with both his hands, and seemed to dint deep into Skrymir's visage; but he merely checked his snore. At the gate of Utgard, a place so high that you had to "strain your neck bending back to see the top of it," Skrymir went his ways.

Thor and his companions were admitted; invited to take share in the games going on. To Thor, for his part, they

handed a drinking-horn; it was a common feat, they told him, to drink this dry at one draught. Long and fiercely, three times over, Thor drank; but made hardly any impression. He was a weak child, they told him. Could he lift that cat he saw there? Small as the feat seemed, Thor with his whole godlike strength could not; he bent up the creature's back, could not raise its feet off the ground, could at the utmost raise one foot. "Why, you are no man," said the Utgard people; "there is an old woman that will wrestle you!" Thor, heartily ashamed, seized this haggard old woman, but could not throw her.

And now, on their quitting Utgard, the chief Jötun, escorting them politely a little way, said to Thor: "You are beaten then: yet be not so much ashamed; there was deception of appearance in it. That horn you tried to drink was the sea. You did make it ebb; but who could drink that, the bottomless! The cat you would have lifted, — why, that is the Midgard-snake, the great world-serpent, which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the whole created world; had you torn that up, the world must have rushed to ruin! As for the old woman, she was Time, Old Age, Duration; with her what can wrestle? No man nor no god with her; gods or men, she prevails over all! And then those three strokes you struck — look at these three valleys; your three strokes made these!"

Thor looked at his attendant Jötun; it was Skrymir. It was, say Norse critics, the old chaotic rocky Earth in person, and that glove-house was some earth cavern! But Skrymir had vanished; Utgard with its sky-high gates, when Thor grasped his hammer to smite them, had gone to air; only the giant's voice was heard mocking, "Better come no more to Jötunheim!"

This is of the allegoric period, as we see, and half-play,

not of the prophetic and entirely devout, but as a mythus is there not real antique Norse gold in it?

Snor'ro (1179–1241), a historian and high legal officer of Iceland.
O'din, a Norse god, regarded as the source of wisdom and the protector of culture and of heroes.
in dom'it a ble, not to be subdued.
per en'ni al, never failing; unceasing.
Thor, the second principal Norse god; the god of thunder.
Jö'tun land, or Jö'tun heim (Ye'toon-hīm), the land of the giants.
port man'teau, a travelling-case.
Mid'gard, in Norse mythology, the abode of the human race.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881) was a noted Scotch essayist, historian, and philosopher. This extract is from his "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

ALFRED TENNYSON

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

ELIOT B. G. WARBURTON

The closing scene of French dominion in Canada was marked by circumstances of deep and peculiar interest. The pages of romance can furnish no more striking episode than the battle of Quebec. The skill and daring of the plan which brought on the combat, and the success and fortune of its execution, are unparalleled. A broad, open plain, offering no advantages to either party, was the field of fight. The contending armies were nearly equal in military strength, if not in numbers. The chiefs of both were men already of honorable fame. France trusted firmly in the wise and chivalrous Montcalm; England trusted hopefully in the young and heroic Wolfe. The magnificent stronghold which was staked upon the issue of the strife stood close at hand. For miles and miles around, the prospect extended over as fair a land as ever rejoiced the sight of man — mountain and valley, forest and waters, city and solitude, grouped together in forms of almost ideal beauty.

Quebec stands on the slope of a lofty eminence on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. A table-land extends westward from the citadel for about nine miles. The portion of the heights nearest the town on the west is called the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe had discovered a narrow path winding up the side of the steep precipice from the river. For miles on either side there was no other possible access to the heights. Up this narrow path Wolfe decided to lead secretly his whole army and make the plains his battle-ground!

The extraordinary daring of the enterprise was its safety. The wise and cautious Montcalm had guarded against all

the probable chances of war; but he was not prepared against an attempt for which the pages of romance can scarcely furnish a parallel.

Great preparations were made throughout the fleet and the army for the decisive movement; but the plans were still kept secret. A wise caution was observed in this respect; for the treachery of a single deserter might have imperilled the success of the expedition had its exact object been known. At nine o'clock at night, on the 13th of September, 1759, the first division of the army, sixteen hundred strong, silently removed into flat-bottomed boats. The soldiers were in high spirits: Wolfe led in person. About an hour before daylight, the flotilla dropped down with the ebb-tide. "Weather favorable; a starlight night."

Silently and swiftly, unchallenged by the French sentries, Wolfe's flotilla dropped down the stream in the shade of the overhanging cliffs. The rowers scarcely stirred the waters with their oars; the soldiers sat motionless. Not a word was spoken, save by the young general. He, as a midshipman on board of his boat afterwards related, repeated in a low voice to the officers by his side Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and as he concluded the beautiful verses, he said, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!"

But while Wolfe thus in the poet's words gave vent to the intensity of his feelings, his eye was constantly bent upon the dark outline of the heights under which he was hurrying. He recognized at length the appointed spot (now called Wolfe's Cove), and leaped ashore. Some of the leading boats conveying the light company of the 78th Highlanders, had in the meantime been carried about two hundred yards lower down by the strength of the tide. These Highlanders, under Captain Donald MacDonald,

were the first to land. Immediately over their heads hung a woody precipice, without track or path upon its rocky face. On the summit, a French sentinel marched to and fro, still unconscious of their presence.

Without a moment's hesitation, MacDonald and his men dashed at the height. They scrambled up, holding on by rocks and branches of trees, guided only by the stars that shone over the top of the cliff. Half the ascent was already won, when for the first time, "*Qui vive?*" broke the silence of the night. "*La France,*" answered the Highland captain, with ready self-possession, and the sentry shouldered his musket and pursued his round.

In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand alarmed the French guard. They hastily turned out, fired an irregular volley down the precipice, and fled in panic. The captain, M. de Vergor, alone, though wounded, stood his ground. When summoned to surrender he fired at one of the leading assailants, but was instantly overpowered. In the meantime, nearly five hundred men landed, and made their way up the height. Those who had first reached the summit then took possession of the intrenched post at the top of the path which Wolfe had selected for the ascent of his army.

Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray landed with the first division. As fast as each boat was cleared, it put back for reënforcements to the ships, which had now also floated down with the tide to a point nearly opposite that of disembarkation. The battalions formed on the narrow beach at the foot of the winding path, and as soon as completed, each ascended the cliff, when they again formed upon the plains above.

The boats plied busily; company after company was quickly landed; and as soon as the men touched the shore,

they swarmed up the steep ascent with ready alacrity. When morning broke, the whole disposable force of Wolfe's army stood in firm array upon the table-land above the cove. Only one gun, however, could be carried up the hill; and even that was not got into position without incredible difficulty.

Montcalm was already worsted as a general; it was still, however, left him to fight as a soldier. His order of battle was steadily and promptly made. His total force engaged was 7520, besides Indians. Wolfe showed only a force of 4828 of all ranks; but every man was a trained soldier.

The French attacked. After a spirited advance made by a swarm of skirmishers, their main body, in long unbroken lines, was seen approaching Wolfe's position. Soon a murderous and incessant fire began. The British troops fell fast. Wolfe, at the head of the 28th, was struck in the wrist, but was not disabled. Wrapping a handkerchief round the wound, he hastened from one rank to the other, exhorting the men to be steady and to reserve their fire. No English soldier pulled a trigger: with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered: their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command.

When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order to "fire." At once the long row of muskets was levelled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm; but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow.

Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line

of battle, and already all was lost! But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed. He rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in again presenting a front to his enemy.

Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward with majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French; but soon the ardor of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline — they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy off their path.

Wolfe was then wounded in the body; but he concealed his suffering, for his duty was not yet accomplished. Again a ball from the redoubt struck him on the breast. He reeled on one side; but at the moment that was not generally observed. "Support me," said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sank, and was borne a little to the rear.

The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage; the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain. In a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound; from that time all was utter rout.

While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. From time to time he tried, with his faint hand, to clear away the death-mist that gathered on his sight; but the efforts seemed vain, for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing and an occasional groan.

Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. A grenadier officer seeing this, called out to those around him, "See! they run!" The words caught the ear of the dying man. He raised himself, like one aroused from sleep, and asked eagerly, "Who run?" "The enemy, sir," answered the officer, "they give way everywhere." "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," said Wolfe, "tell him to march Webbe's (the 48th) regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat." His voice grew faint as he spoke, and he turned on his side, as if seeking an easier position. When he had given this last order, his eyes closed in death.

When the news reached England, triumph and lamentation were strangely intermingled. Astonishment and admiration at the splendid victory, with sorrow for the loss of the gallant victor, filled every breast. Throughout all the land were illuminations and public rejoicings, except in the little Kentish village of Westerham, where Wolfe had been born, and where his widowed mother now mourned her only child.

After further successes of the British in other parts of Canada, under Generals Amherst, Haviland, and Sir William Johnson, the French cause became utterly hopeless. On the 8th of September, 1760, a British force of sixteen thousand men assembled before Montreal; and on the same day a capitulation was signed which severed Canada from France forever.

One of the most momentous political questions that have ever moved the human race was decided in this struggle. When a few English and French emigrants first landed among the Virginian and Canadian forests it began: when the British flag was hoisted on the citadel of Quebec it was decided. From that day Providence pointed out to the Anglo-Saxon race that to them was henceforth intrusted the destiny of the New World.

flo til'la, a small fleet.
High'land ers, men from the Highlands, a beautiful district in the north and west of Scotland. The Highlanders are brave, sturdy, and honest.
bat tal'ion, an army, or a section of an army, in battle array.
car'nage, slaughter; bloodshed.
gren a dier', originally a soldier who threw hand-grenades, that is, explosive missiles.
Qui vive, Who goes there?
M., an abbreviation of the French word "Monsieur," equivalent to our "Mister."
skir'mish ers, irregular fighters in small parties.
re doubt', an enclosed work of defence.
ca pit u la'tion, surrender.
An'glo Sax'on, here, the English, and later, the Americans.

Eliot Bartholomew George Warburton (1810–1852) was an Irish traveller, historian, biographer, and novelist.

TRANSIENT PLEASURES

ROBERT BURNS

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowflake in the river,
A moment white — then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! [*Repeat refrain as above.*]

FROZEN WORDS

JOSEPH ADDISON

THERE are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mandeville, has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention and the greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground, and fairy-land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, they would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no farther weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces, at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract from Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of

several short speeches, which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of "Hudibras" alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile, —

"Like words congeal'd in northern air."

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation, put into modern language, is as follows: —

"We were separated by a storm in the latitude of seventy-three, insomuch, that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed in order to refit our vessels and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from the others, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination.

"We soon observed that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards' distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air, before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf: for every man was sensible, as we afterward found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain.

"We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterward found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression.

"It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, 'Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed.' This I knew to be the pilot's voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me, when he thought I could not hear him.

"When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I

should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up in the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done.

"At about half a mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but, upon inquiry, we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

"We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement; and, upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavory sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word until about half an hour after; this phenomenon I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

"After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks' silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than I ever heard in an assembly, even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved.

"I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied that for the freezing of the

sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it, upon which one of the company told me that it would play there about a week longer; 'for,' says he, 'finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company who had his musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time was employed in dancing in order to dissipate our chagrin.'"

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but, as they are somewhat prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe that the honorable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishments of his writings.

parts, faculty, talent.

Sir John Man'de ville (1300–1371?), a famous English traveller. His book abounds in marvellous and extravagant stories.

Fer'di nand Men'dez Pin'to (pēn), a Portuguese adventurer and traveller.

Ho'mer, the greatest of the ancient Greek poets. He wrote the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The latter describes the wanderings of Ulysses.

Spen'ser, Edmund Spenser (1552–1599), was a famous English poet. His longest and best poem, "The Faerie Queene," describes in its first book the adventures of the Red-Cross Knight, who fought and conquered sin.

Hu'di bras, a political poem written by Samuel Butler, in the seventeenth century.

sim'i le, an imaginative comparison.

in clem'en cies, roughness, storminess.

liq'ue fied, melted.

con gealed', frozen.

chol'er ic, easily made angry.

post'hu mous, occurring or continuing after death.

in ar tic'u late, indistinct.

ob'du rate, rough; harsh; stubborn.

kit, a small violin.

cha grin', vexation.

pro lix', extending to great length.

A PALACE IN A VALLEY

SAMUEL JOHNSON

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, the sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty were confined in a private palace. The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth, which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers. Every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite

the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns. The sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the tree, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music. And during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time.

Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence raised about thirty

paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century, deriding rains and hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage, every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries or by subterranean passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom, and recorded their accumulations in a book which was itself concealed in a tower not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man.

To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which

was the happy valley. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment was the business of every hour from the dawn of morning to the close of even.

These methods were generally successful. Few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in the full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom fate had excluded from this seat of tranquillity as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

ar tif'i cer, one who makes or contrives.
mas'sy, bulky and heavy.
su per flu'i ty, a greater quantity than is needed.
di ver'si fied, having a variety of forms or colors; variegated.
se clu'sion, separation from society.
sub'tle (sŭt'l), sly; artful.
re par a'tion, repair.
ex'i gen cy, pressing need; crisis.
vi cis'si tude, change.
fe lic'i ty, happiness.

Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709–1784) was one of the most noted English writers of the eighteenth century. He compiled a dictionary of the English language, and for some years published a periodical called "The Rambler." He is noted for his precise and dignified style. His life by Boswell is one of the most famous books of its kind. The extract here given is from "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins!
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

—William Shakespeare.

J. Franklin

SIR PATRICK SPENS

Margaret, daughter of King Alexander III of Scotland, was married in 1281 to Eric, King of Norway. She was escorted to her husband in August of that year by a goodly number of knights and nobles. Many of these were drowned on the voyage homeward, as Sir Patrick Spens is in the ballad.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blood-red wine;
"O where will I get a skeely [1] skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern [2] knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:

[1] *skeely*, skilful. [2] *eldern*, old.

"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a broad letter,[1]
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the foam;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou must bring her home!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
So loud, loud laughed he;
The next word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.[2]

"O who is this has done this deed,
And told the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet,[3] be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the foam;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her home."

They hoysed[4] their sails on Monenday morn
With all the speed they may;
They have landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

[1] *broad letter*, letter of commission.
[2] *e'e*, eye.
[3] *weet*, wet.
[4] *hoysed*, hoisted.

They had not been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,[1]
When that the lords of Noroway
Began aloud to say,

"Ye Scottishmen spend all our king's goud,[2]
And all our queenis[3] fee."[4]
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Full loud I hear ye lie!

"For I brought as much white monie[5]
As gane[6] my men and me, —
And I brought a half-fou[7] o' good red goud
Out o'er the sea with me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men all!
Our good ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alack! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,[8]
With the old moon in her arm;
And if we go to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift[9] grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly[10] grew the sea.

[1] *twae*, two.
[2] *goud*, gold.
[3] *queenis*, queen's.
[4] *fee*, property.
[5] *white monie*, silver money.
[6] *gane*, suffice.
[7] *half-fou*, half-bushel.
[8] *yestreen*, last evening.
[9] *lift*, air.
[10] *gurly*, stormy.

The anchors broke, and the topmasts lap,[1]
It was such a deadly storm,
And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
Till all her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a good sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor good,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast,
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He had not gone a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,[2]
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Go fetch a web o' the silken cloth,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let not the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken cloth
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that good ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O loth, loth were our good Scots lords
To wet their cork-heeled shoon;

[1] *lap*, sprang. [2] *ane*, one.

But long ere all the play was played,
They wet their hats aboon.[1]

And many was the feather-bed
That flattened on the foam;
And many was the good lord's son
That never more came home.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair;
All for the sake of their true loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.[2]

O long, long may the ladies sit,
With their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

O long, long may the maidens sit,
With their goud kames[3] in their hair,
All waiting for their own dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens
With the Scots lords at his feet.

[1] *aboon*, above. [2] *nae mair*, no more. [3] *kames*, combs.

Tact is the life of the five senses. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact how to do it.

THE ACADEMY OF LAGADO

JONATHAN SWIFT

The following extract is from Part III of "Gulliver's Travels." Laputa, a flying island, was said to be located off the coast of China, and Lagado was the chief city of the kingdom. Swift's purpose in this chapter is to ridicule the claims of the "projectors" and the quack philosophers, so numerous in his day.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms. The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same color. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt in eight years more that he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish. There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method of building houses, by beginning

at the roof and working downward to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

In another department, I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labor. The method is this: In an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest. Then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where in a few days they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing. It is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceilings were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silkworms, while he had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave as well as spin. And he proposed, further, that by employing spiders, the charge of dyeing silks would be wholly saved; whereof I was fully convinced when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully colored, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us that the webs would take a tincture from them, and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a consistence to the threads.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sundial upon the great weathercock in the town-house by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind. I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my readers with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided. The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical mechanical operations; but the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knows how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labor, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study.

He then led me to the frame about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered, on every square, with papers pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions,

but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed around the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labor; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections. He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the number of participles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice as the sole inventor of this

wonderful machine. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution that he should have the honor entire, without a rival.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country. The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles; because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people.

pro jec'tors, those who form schemes or designs.
her met'ic al ly, so as to admit no air.
cal cine', to reduce to powder by the action of heat.
mal le a bil'i ty, capability of being shaped or extended by hammering or rolling.
di ur'nal, daily.
stu'di ous, *here*, very desirous.
the ol'o gy, the science which treats of God or of religion.
su per fic'i es, surface; outer part.
fo'li o, a leaf of a book.
ex'pe di ted, hastened.
pol y syl'la ble, a word of several syllables.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

EDWARD DYER

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assigned;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay —
I seek no more than may suffice.
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye, —
To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more.

They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss;
I brook that is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss;
I weigh not Crœsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not fortune's fatal law:
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate.
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, nor cart, I like nor loathe;
Extremes are counted worst of all;

The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;
This is my choice, for why, I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

thrall, bondman; slave.
wily wit to salve a sore, soft speech; flattery.
brook, endure.
bane, injury; destruction.
Crœ'sus, king of the ancient country of Lydia, and said to have possessed untold wealth.

This poem first appeared in print in a book published by William Byrd in 1588. As Byrd was a song-writer, the poem has been attributed to him. But the longest and probably earliest version, in manuscript, is signed E. Dier. Edward Dyer was a poet of the age of Queen Elizabeth, and a friend of Sir Walter Raleigh's.

THE FRUIT OF THE LOTOS TREE

CHARLES LAMB

This history tells of the wanderings of Ulysses and his followers in their return from Troy, after the destruction of that famous city of Asia by the Grecians.

He was inflamed with a desire of seeing again, after a ten years' absence, his wife and native country, Ithaca. He was king of a barren spot, and a poor country in comparison with the fruitful plains of Asia, which he was leaving, or the wealthy kingdoms which he touched upon in his return. Yet, wherever he came, he could never see

a soil which appeared in his eyes half so sweet or desirable as his country earth.

After the mariners had set sail from Troy, a fearful tempest ensued, which for two nights and two days tossed them about, but the third day the weather cleared, and they had hopes of a favorable gale to carry them to Ithaca. But for the space of nine days contrary winds continued to drive them in an opposite direction to the point to which they were bound. The tenth day they put in at a shore where a race of men dwell that are sustained by the fruit of the lotos tree.

Here Ulysses sent some of his men to the land for fresh water, who were met by certain of the inhabitants that gave them some of their country food to eat — not with any ill intention toward them, though in the event it proved pernicious. For, having eaten of this fruit, so pleasant it proved to their appetite that they quite forgot all thoughts of home, or of their countrymen, or of ever returning to the ships to give an account of what sort of inhabitants dwelt there, but they would needs stay and live among them, and eat of that precious food forever.

And when Ulysses sent other of his men to look for them, and to bring them back by force, they strove, and wept, and would not leave their food for heaven itself, so much had the pleasure of that enchanting fruit bewitched them. But Ulysses caused them to be bound hand and foot, and cast under the hatches; and set sail with all speed from that baneful coast, lest others after them might taste the lotos, which had such strange qualities to make men forget their native country and the thoughts of home.

Ith'a ca, one of the Io'nian Islands, in the Mediterranean Sea, twenty miles west of the mainland of Greece.

lo'tos, a tree found in northern Africa, Portugal, and Spain, the fruit of which is mildly sweet.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

ALFRED TENNYSON

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land;
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land; far off, three mountain tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flushed; and, dewed with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset lingered low adown
In the red West; through mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale

And meadow, set with slender galingale —
A land where all things always seemed the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave,
And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more;"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

gal'in gale, a plant having spicy roots. | **a'li en**, strange; foreign.

ULYSSES ESCAPES SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

CHARLES LAMB

After leaving the land of the lotos-eaters, and enduring sundry adventures, Ulysses and his crew come to the island of Ææ'a. Here the enchantress Cir'ce entertains the wanderers for twelve months. When Ulysses is about to depart, she warns him of dangers in his way.

"UNHAPPY man, thee Scylla, thee Charyb'dis, expect. Thee the deathful Sirens lie in wait for, that taint the minds of whosoever listen to them with their sweet singing. Whosoever shall but hear the call of any Siren, he

will so despise both wife and children through their sorceries that the stream of his affection never again shall set homewards, nor shall he take joy in wife or children thereafter, or they in him."

With these prophetic greetings great Circe met Ulysses on his return. He besought her to instruct him in the nature of the Sirens, and by what method their baneful allurements were to be resisted.

"They are sisters three," she replied, "that sit in a mead (by which your ship must needs pass) circled with dead men's bones. These are the bones of men whom they have slain, after with fawning invitements they have enticed them into their fen. Yet such is the celestial harmony of their voices accompanying the persuasive magic of their words, that, knowing this, you shall not be able to withstand their enticements. Therefore, when you are to sail by them, you shall stop the ears of your companions with wax, that they may hear no note of that dangerous music; but for yourself, that you may hear, and yet live, give them strict command to bind you hand and foot to the mast, and in no case to set you free till you are out of the danger of the temptation, though you should entreat it, and implore it ever so much, but to bind you rather the more for your requesting to be loosed. So shall you escape that snare."

Ulysses then prayed her that she would inform him what Scylla and Charybdis were, which she had taught him by name to fear. She replied: "Sailing from Ææa to Trinacria, you must pass at an equal distance between two fatal rocks. Incline never so little either to the one side or the other, and your ship must meet with certain destruction. No vessel ever yet tried that pass without being lost but the *Argo*, which owed her safety to the

sacred freight she bore, the fleece of the golden-backed ram, which could not perish. The biggest of these rocks which you shall come to, Scylla hath in charge. There in a deep whirlpool at the foot of the rock the abhorred monster shrouds her face; if she were to show her full form, no eye of man or god could endure the sight. Thence she stretches out all her six long necks, peering and diving to suck up fish, dolphins, dog-fish, and whales, whole ships and their men, whatever comes within her raging gulf.

"The other rock is lesser, and of less ominous aspect; but there dreadful Charybdis sits, supping the black deeps. Thrice a day she drinks her pits dry, and thrice a day again she belches them all up; but when she is drinking, come not nigh; for, being once caught, the force of Neptune cannot redeem you from her swallow. Better trust to Scylla, for she will but have for her six necks six men: Charybdis in her insatiate draught will ask all."

Then Ulysses inquired, in case he should escape Charybdis, whether he might not assail that other monster with his sword; to which she replied that he must not think that he had an enemy subject to death, or wounds, to contend with, for Scylla could never die. Therefore, his best safety was in flight, and to invoke none of the gods but Cratis, who is Scylla's mother, and might perhaps forbid her daughter to devour them.

Ulysses having communicated her instructions, as far as related to the Sirens, to his companions, who had not been present at that interview, but concealing from them the rest, that they might not be deterred by fear from pursuing their voyage — the time for departure being come, they set their sails, and took a final leave of great Circe. She by her art calmed the heavens, and gave them smooth seas,

J. H. Waterhouse

Circe, the enchantress,
Daughter of the Sun.

and a right forewind (the seaman's friend) to bear them on their way to Ithaca.

They had not sailed past a hundred leagues before the breeze which Circe had lent them suddenly stopped. It was stricken dead. All the sea lay in prostrate slumber. Not a gasp of air could be felt. The ship stood still. Ulysses guessed that the island of the Sirens was not far off, and that they had charmed the air so with their magic singing. Therefore he made him cakes of wax, as Circe had instructed him, and stopped the ears of his men with them; then causing himself to be bound hand and foot, he commanded the rowers to ply their oars and row as fast as speed could carry them past that fatal shore. They soon came within sight of the Sirens, who sang in Ulysses's hearing: —

"Come here, thou, worthy of a world of praise,
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise, —
Ulysses! Stay thy ship, and that song hear
That none pass'd ever, but it bent his ear,
But left him ravish'd, and instructed more
By us than any ever heard before.
For we know all things, — whatsoever were
In wide Troy labor'd; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd,
By those high issues that the gods ordain'd:
And whatsoever all the earth can show,
To inform a knowledge of desert, we know."

These were the words, but the celestial harmony of the voices which sang them no tongue can describe; it took the ear of Ulysses with ravishment. He would have broken his bonds to rush after them; and threatened, wept, sued, entreated, commanded, crying out with tears and passionate imprecations, conjuring his men by all the ties of perils past which they had endured in common, by

fellowship and love, and the authority which he retained among them, to let him loose; but at no rate would they obey him. And still the Sirens sang.

Ulysses made signs, motions, gestures, promising mountains of gold if they would set him free; but their oars only moved faster. And still the Sirens sang. And still the more he adjured them to set him free, the faster with cords and ropes they bound him, till they were quite out of hearing of the Sirens' notes, whose effect great Circe had so truly predicted. And well she might speak of them, for often she had joined her own enchanting voice to theirs, while she sat in the flowery meads, mingled with the Sirens and the Water Nymphs, gathering their potent herbs and drugs of magic quality. Their singing all together has made the gods stoop, and "heaven drowsy with the harmony."

Escaped that peril, they had not sailed yet a hundred leagues farther, when they heard a roar afar off, which Ulysses knew to be the barking of Scylla's dogs, which surround her waist and bark incessantly. Coming nearer they beheld a smoke ascend, with a horrid murmur, which rose from that other whirlpool, to which they made nigher approaches than to Scylla. Through the furious eddy, which is in that place, the ship stood still as a stone; for there was no man to lend his hand to an oar: the dismal roar of Scylla's dogs at a distance, and the nearer clamors of Charybdis, where everything made an echo, quite taking from them the power of exertion.

Ulysses went up and down encouraging his men, one by one, giving them good words; telling them that they were in greater perils when they were blocked up in the Cyclops' cave, yet, heaven assisting his counsels, he had delivered them out of that extremity;—that he could not believe but

they remembered it; and wished them to give the same trust to the same care which he had now for their welfare; —that they must exert all the strength and wit which they had, and try if Jove would not grant them an escape, even out of this peril. In particular he cheered up the pilot who sat at the helm, and told him that he must show more firmness than other men, as he had more trust committed to him, and had the sole management, by his skill, of the vessel in which all their safeties were embarked;—that a rock lay hid within those boiling whirlpools which he saw, on the outside of which he must steer, if he would avoid his own destruction and the destruction of them all.

They heard him, and like men took to the oars; but little knew what opposite danger, in shunning that rock, they must be thrown upon. For Ulysses had concealed from them the wounds, never to be healed, which Scylla was to open: their terror would else have robbed them all of all care to steer or move an oar, and have made them hide under the hatches, for fear of seeing her, where he and they must have died an idle death. But even then he forgot the precautions which Circe had given him to prevent harm to his person, who had willed him not to arm, or show himself once to Scylla; but disdaining not to venture life for his brave companions, he could not contain, but, armed in all points, and taking a lance in either hand, he went up to the fore-deck, and looked when Scylla would appear.

She did not show herself as yet, and still the vessel steered closer by her rock, as it sought to shun that other more dreaded; for they saw how horribly Charybdis's black throat drew into her all the whirling deep, which she disgorged again, that all about her boiled like a kettle, and the rock roared with troubled waters; which when she supped in again, all the bottom turned up, and disclosed far

under shore the swart sands naked, whose whole stern sight frayed the startled blood from their faces, and made Ulysses turn his to view the wonder of whirlpools. When Scylla saw this from out her black den, she darted out her six long necks, and swooped up as many of his friends; whose cries Ulysses heard, and saw them too late, with their heels turned up, and their hands thrown to him for succor; and he heard them shriek out as she tore them, and to the last they continued to throw their hands out to him for sweet life. In all his sufferings he never had beheld a sight so full of miseries.

sor'ce ries, magic arts; enchantments.
mead, meadow.
Scyl'la, pronounced Sil'la.
Cha ryb'dis, pronounced Cā rĭb'dĭs.
Trin a'cri a, the old name of Sicily.
Nep'tune, in ancient mythology, the god of the sea.
in sa'ti ate, not to be satisfied.
im pre ca'tions, curses.
Cy'clops, a monstrous giant with only one eye.
con tain', that is, restrain himself.
swart, black.

ULYSSES

ALFRED TENNYSON

After ten years of adventure and calamity, Ulysses reached his own kingdom of Ithaca, and was reunited to his faithful wife Pen el'op e, and his son Te lem'a chus, whom he had left an infant when he departed for Troy. For some years he reigned peaceably over his own people. But it may well have been that in this uneventful life Ulysses felt the spirit of adventure and the longing for action stirring anew within him.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those

That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known — cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —
Well loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay

Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are —
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

mete, measure out.

Hy'a des, in mythology, a group of nymphs. The story goes that they were transferred as stars to the heavens; and their rising in the sky was associated with the rainy season.

Happy Isles, the land of the blessed dead.

A chil'les, the foremost Greek hero in the Siege of Troy. He was slain by Paris, son of the king of Troy.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

A WET sheet and a flowing sea —
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high —
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free, —
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark, the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud —
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free;
While the hollow oak our palace is;
Our heritage, the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM (1784–1842) was a Scotch writer of prose and verse. Sir Walter Scott was his friend.

KING ARTHUR AND THE ROUND TABLE

SIR THOMAS MALORY

Of the Death of King Uther Pendragon; and how ARTHUR *was chosen King; and of Wonders and Marvels of a Sword that was taken out of a Stone by the said* ARTHUR.

THEN within two years King Uther fell sick of a great malady. And in the meanwhile his enemies usurped upon him, and did a great battle upon his men, and slew many of his people. And at St. Albans there met with the king a great host of the North. And King Uther's men overcame the northern battle, and slew many people, and put the remnant to flight. And then the king returned unto London, and made great joy of his victory. And then he fell passing sore sick, so that three days and three nights he was speechless; wherefore all the barons made great sorrow, and asked Merlin what counsel were best.

"There is none other remedy," said Merlin, "but God will have his will. But look ye all barons be before King Uther to-morn, and God and I shall make him to speak."

So on the morn all the barons with Merlin came tofore the king: then Merlin said aloud unto King Uther, "Sir, shall your son Arthur be king, after your days, of this realm?"

Then Uther Pendragon turned him, and said in hearing of them all, "I give him God's blessing and mine, and righteously and worshipfully that he claim the crown upon forfeiture of my blessing."

And therewith he yielded up the ghost. And then was he interred as longed[1] to a king. Wherefore the queen, fair Igraine, made great sorrow, and all the barons.

[1] *longed*, belonged.

Then stood the realm in great jeopardy long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many wend[1] to have been king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and counselled him for to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should to London come, by Christmas; and for this cause, that he that was born on that night would of his great mercy shew by some miracle who should be rightwise king of this realm.

So the archbishop by the advice of Merlin sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms, that they should come by Christmas even unto London. And many of them made clean of their life, that their prayer might be the more acceptable unto God. So in the greatest church of London all the estates were long or[2] day in the church for to pray.

And there was seen in the churchyard against the high altar a great stone four square, like unto a marble stone, and in the midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stack[3] a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus: —

> Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise king born of all England.

So when all masses were done all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they saw the scripture, some assayed[4] — such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it.

"He is not here," said the archbishop, "that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known.

[1] *wend*, thought.
[2] *or*, before.
[3] *stack*, stuck, an old past form from *stick*.
[4] *assayed*, tried or attempted.

But this is my counsel, that we let purvey[1] ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword."

So it was ordained, and then there was made a cry that every man should assay that would, for to win the sword. And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a just and a tournament, that all knights that would just or tourney there might play: and all this was ordained for to keep the lords together and the commons, for the archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword.

So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode to the field, some to just and some to tourney; and so it happened that Sir Ector rode unto the justs, and with him rode Sir Kay his son and young Arthur, that was his nourished brother. So as they rode to the just-ward Sir Kay had lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur to ride for his sword.

"I will well," said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword; and when he came home the lady and all were out to see the justing. Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, "I will ride to the churchyard and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day."

So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alighted and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent and found no knights there, for they were at the justing; and so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way till he came to his brother Sir Kay and delivered him the sword. And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword he wist[2] well it was the sword of the stone, and

[1] *let purvey*, cause to be provided. [2] *wist*, knew.

so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said: "Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone; wherefore I must be king of this land."

When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again and came to the church, and anon[1] he made Sir Kay to swear upon a book how he came to that sword.

"Sir," said Sir Kay, "by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me."

"How gat ye this sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"Sir, I will tell you: when I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword, and so I thought that my brother, Sir Kay, should not be swordless, and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain."

"Found ye any knights about this sword?" said Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

"Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understand ye must be king of this land."

"Wherefore I," said Arthur, "and for what cause?"

"Sir," said Ector, "for God will have it so; for there should never man have drawn out this sword but he that shall be rightwise king of this land."

How Arthur *was crowned King.*

And at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men assayed to pull at the sword that would assay, and none might prevail but Arthur, and he pulled it out afore all the lords and commons that were there, wherefore all the commons cried at once, "We will have Arthur unto our king; we will put him no more in delay; for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that holdeth against it

[1] *anon*, at once, soon; or, at another time.

we will slay him." And therewithal they kneeled down all at once, both rich and poor, and cried Arthur mercy, because they had delayed him so long.

And Arthur forgave them. And so anon was the coronation made, and there was he sworn to the lords and commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth all the days of this life. Also then he made all lords that held of the crown to come in, and to do service as they ought to do. . . .

How Arthur *by the mean of Merlin gat Excalibur, his Sword, of the Lady of the Lake.*

Right so the king and he departed, and went until an hermit that was a good man and a great leach.[1] So the hermit searched all his wounds and gave him good salves; so the king was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended that he might ride and go, and so departed.

And as they rode, Arthur said, "I have no sword."

"No force,"[2] said Merlin, "hereby is a sword that shall be yours an[3] I may."

So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand.

"Lo," said Merlin, "yonder is that sword that I spake of."

With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake. "What damsel is that?" said Arthur.

"That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin; "and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as

[1] *leach*, physician. [2] *No force*, no matter. [3] *an*, if.

any on earth, and richly beseen,[1] and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her that she will give you that sword."

Anon withal[2] came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him, and he her again.

"Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that, that yonder the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword."

"Sir Arthur king," said the damsel, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you what gift ye will ask."

"Well," said the damsel, "go ye into yonder barge and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So Sir Arthur and Merlin alight, and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him. And the arm and the hand went under the water; and so they came unto the land and rode forth. . . .

Then Sir Arthur looked on the sword, and liked it passing well.

"Whether liketh you better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?"

"Me liketh better the sword," said Arthur.

"Ye are more unwise," said Merlin, "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword, for while ye have the scabbard upon you ye shall never lose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded, therefore keep well the scabbard always with you."

[1] *beseen*, adorned. [2] *withal*, likewise; at the same time.

How King ARTHUR *took a Wife, and wedded Guenever, with whom he had the Round Table.*

So it fell on a time King Arthur said unto Merlin, "My barons will let me have no rest, but needs I must take a wife, and I will none take but by thy counsel and by thine advice."

"It is well done," said Merlin, "that ye take a wife, for a man of your bounty and nobleness should not be without a wife. Now is there any that ye love more than another?"

"Yea," said King Arthur, "I love Guenever, the daughter of King Leodegrance, of the land of Cameliard, which Leodegrance holdeth in his house the Table Round, that ye told he had of my father, Uther. And this damsel is the most valiant and fairest lady that I know living, or yet that ever I could find."

"Sir," said Merlin, "as of her beauty and fairness she is one of the fairest on live."[1] . . .

And Merlin went forth to King Leodegrance of Cameliard, and told him of the desire of the king that he would have unto his wife Guenever his daughter.

"That is to me," said King Leodegrance, "the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. And as for my lands I would give him, wist I it might please him, but he hath lands enough. But I shall send him a gift that shall please him much more, for I shall give him the Table Round, the which Uther Pendragon gave me, and when it is full complete there is an hundred knights and fifty. And as for an hundred good knights I have myself, but I lack fifty, for so many have been slain in my days."

[1] *on live*, alive.

And so King Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever unto Merlin, and the Table Round, with the hundred knights, and so they rode freshly, with great royalty, till that they came nigh unto London.

How the Knights of the Round Table were ordained, and their Sieges[1] blessed by the Bishop of Canterbury.

When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever and the hundred knights with the Table Round, then King Arthur made great joy for their coming, and that rich present, and said openly, "This fair lady is passing welcome unto me, for I have loved her long, and therefore there is nothing so lief[2] to me. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than right great riches."

And in all haste the king let ordain for the marriage and the coronation in the most honorablest wise that could be devised.

"Now Merlin," said King Arthur, "go thou and espy me in all this land fifty knights which be of most prowess and worship."

Within short time Merlin had found such knights that should fulfil twenty and eight knights, but no more could he find. Then the bishop of Canterbury was fetched, and blessed the sieges with great royalty and devotion, and there set the eight and twenty knights in their sieges.

And when this was done, Merlin said, "Fair sirs, ye must all arise and come to King Arthur for to do him homage; he will have the better will to maintain you."

And so they arose and did their homage. And when they were gone, Merlin found in every siege letters of gold that told the knights' names that had sitten therein. But two sieges were void. . . .

[1] *siege*, seat. [2] *lief*, dear.

"What is the cause," said King Arthur, "that there be two places void in the sieges?"

"Sir," said Merlin, "there shall no man sit in those places but they that shall be of most worship. But in the Siege Perilous there shall no man sit therein but one, and if there be any so hardy to do it, he shall be destroyed, and he that shall sit there shall have no fellow."

How the Letters were found written on the Siege Perilous, and of the Marvellous Adventure of the Sword in a Stone.

At the vigil of Pentecost, when all the fellowship of the Round Table were come unto Camelot, and there heard their service, and the tables were set ready to the meat, right so entered into the hall a full fair gentlewoman on horseback, that had ridden full fast, for her horse was all besweat. Then she there alight, and came before the king, and saluted him.

Then she went unto Launcelot, and said, "Sir Launcelot, I salute you on King Pelles's behalf, and I require you come on with me hereby into a forest."

"What will ye with me?" said Sir Launcelot.

"Ye shall know," said she "when ye come thither."

"Well," said he, "I will gladly go with you."

Right so departed Sir Launcelot with the gentlewoman, and rode until that he came into a forest, and into a great valley, where they saw an abbey of nuns; and there was a squire ready, and opened the gates; and so they entered, and descended off their horses, and there came a fair fellowship about Sir Launcelot and welcomed him, and were passing glad of his coming.

In the meanwhile, as they thus stood talking together, there came twelve nuns which brought with them Galahad, the which was passing fair and well made, that hardly in

the world might men find his match: and all those ladies wept.

"Sir," said the ladies, "we bring you here this child, the which we have nourished, and we pray you to make him a knight; for of a worthier man's hand may he not receive the order of knighthood."

Sir Launcelot beheld that young squire, and saw him seemly and demure as a dove, with all manner of good features, that he wend of his age never to have seen so fair a man of form. Then said Sir Launcelot, "Cometh this desire of himself?"

He and all they said, "Yea."

"Then shall he," said Sir Launcelot, "receive the high order of knighthood to-morrow at the reverence of the high feast."

That night Sir Launcelot had passing good cheer, and on the morn at the hour of prime,[1] at Galahad's desire, he made him knight, and said, "God make him a good man, for beauty faileth him not as any that liveth." . . .

So when the king and all the knights were come from service, the barons espied in the sieges of the Round Table all about, written with gold letters: Here ought to sit he, and he ought to sit here. And thus they went so long until they found letters newly written of gold, that said: —

Four hundred winters and fifty-four accomplished after the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ ought this siege to be fulfilled.

Then all they said, "This is a marvellous thing, and an adventurous."

"It seemeth me," said Sir Launcelot, "this siege ought to be fulfilled this same day, for this is the feast of Pente-

[1] *prime*, dawn.

cost after the four hundred and four and fifty year; and if it would please all parties, I would none of these letters were seen this day, till he be come that ought to achieve this adventure."

Then made they to ordain a cloth of silk for to cover these letters in the Siege Perilous. Then the king bade haste unto dinner. . . .

So as they stood speaking, in came a squire, and said unto the king, "Sir, I bring unto you marvellous tidings."

"What be they?" said the king.

"Sir, there is here beneath at the river a great stone which I saw fleet[1] above the water, and therein saw I sticking a sword."

The king said, "I will see this marvel."

So all the knights went with him, and when they came unto the river, they found there a stone fleeting, as it were of red marble, and therein stack a fair and a rich sword, and in the pommel thereof were precious stones, wrought with subtle letters of gold.

Then the barons read the letters, which said in this wise: —

> Never shall man take me hence but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight of the world.

When the king had seen these letters, he said unto Sir Launcelot, "Fair sir, this sword ought to be yours, for I am sure ye be the best knight of the world."

Then Sir Launcelot answered full soberly: "Certes,[2] sir, it is not my sword: also, sir, wit[3] ye well I have no hardiness[4] to set my hand to it, for it longed not to hang by my side. Also who that assayeth to take that sword and faileth of it, he shall receive a wound by that sword, that

[1] *fleet*, float. [2] *Certes*, in truth. [3] *wit*, know. [4] *hardiness*, boldness.

he shall not be whole long after. And I will that ye wit that this same day will the adventures of the Sangreal (that is called the holy vessel) begin."

How an Old Man brought Sir Galahad to the Siege Perilous and set him therein; and how King ARTHUR *showed the Stone hoving*[1] *on the water, to Galahad, and how he drew out the Sword.*

So when they were served, and all sieges fulfilled, save only the Siege Perilous, anon there befell a marvellous adventure, that all the doors and the windows of the place shut by themselves, but nathless[2] the hall was not greatly darkened, and therewith they were all abashed both one and other.

Then king Arthur spake first, and said, "Fair fellows and lords, we have seen this day marvels, but or night I suppose we shall see greater marvels."

In the meanwhile came in a good old man, and an ancient, clothed all in white, and there was no knight knew from whence he came. And with him he brought a young knight, both on foot, in red arms, without sword or shield, save a scabbard hanging by his side. And these words he said, "Peace be with you, fair lords."

Then the old man said unto Arthur, "Sir, I bring here a young knight the which is of king's lineage, and of the kindred of Joseph of Arimathea whereby the marvels of this court and of strange realms shall be fully accomplished."

The king was right glad of his words, and said unto the good man, "Sir, ye be right welcome, and the young knight with you."

Then the old man made the young man to unarm him; and he was in a coat of red sendal, and bare a mantle

[1] *hove*, to rise, to swell or heave. [2] *nathless*, nevertheless.

SIR GALAHAD AND THE SIEGE PERILOUS

upon his shoulder that was furred with ermine, and put that upon him. And the old knight said unto the young knight, "Sir, follow me."

And anon he led him unto the Siege Perilous, where beside sat Sir Launcelot, and the good man lift up the cloth, and found there letters that said thus:—

This is the siege of Galahad the haut[1] prince.

"Sir," said the old knight, "wit ye well that place is yours." And then he set him down surely in that siege. . . .

Then all the knights of the Round Table marvelled them greatly of Sir Galahad, that he durst sit there in that Siege Perilous, and was so tender of age, and wist not from whence he came, and said, "This is he by whom the Sangreal shall be achieved, for there sat never none but he, but he were mischieved.[2]"

Then came King Arthur unto Galahad, and said, "Sir, ye be welcome, for ye shall move many good knights to the quest of the Sangreal, and ye shall achieve that never knights might bring to an end."

Then the king took him by the hand, and went down from the palace to shew Galahad the adventures of the stone. The queen heard thereof, and came after with many ladies, and shewed them the stone where it hoved on the water.

"Sir," said the king unto Sir Galahad, "here is a great marvel as ever I saw, and right good knights have assayed and failed."

"Sir," said Galahad, "that is no marvel, for this adventure is not theirs, but mine, and for the surety of this sword I brought none with me; for here by my side hangeth the

[1] *haut*, high. [2] *mischieved*, injured.

scabbard." And anon he laid his hand on the sword, and lightly drew it out of the stone, and put it in the sheath, and said unto the king, "Now it goeth better than it did aforehand."

"Sir," said the king, "a shield God shall send you."

How Galahad gat him a Shield, and how they sped[1] *that presumed to take down the said Shield.*

Now rideth Sir Galahad yet without shield, and so he rode four days without any adventure. And at the fourth day after even-song he came to a white abbey, and there he was received with great reverence, and led to a chamber, and there he was unarmed, and then was he ware[2] of two knights of the Round Table, one was King Bagdema'gus, and that other was Sir Uwaine. And when they saw him, they went unto him, and made of him great solace,[3] and so they went to supper.

"Sirs," said Sir Galahad, "what adventure brought you hither?"

"Sir," said they, "it is told us that within this place is a shield that no man may bear about his neck but that if he be mischieved or dead within three days, or else maimed forever."

"Ah, sir," said King Bagdemagus, "I shall bear it to-morrow for to assay this strange adventure."

"In the name of God," said Sir Galahad.

"Sir," said Bagdemagus, "an I may not achieve the adventure of this shield, ye shall take it upon you, for I am sure ye shall not fail."

"Sir," said Galahad, "I agree right well thereto, for I have no shield."

[1] *speed*, to fare. [2] *ware*, aware. [3] *solace*, pleasure; delight.

So on the morn King Bagdemagus asked where the adventurous shield was. Anon a monk led him behind an altar where the shield hung as white as any snow, but in the midst was a red cross.

"Sir," said the monk, "this shield ought not to be hanged about no knight's neck, but be he the worthiest knight of the world, and therefore I counsel you knights to be well advised."

"Well," said King Bagdemagus, "I wot[1] well that I am not the best knight of the world, but yet shall I assay to bear it."

And so he bare it out of the monastery; and then he said unto Sir Galahad, "If it will please you, I pray you abide here still, till ye know how I shall speed."

"I shall abide you here," said Galahad.

Then King Bagdemagus took with him a squire, the which should bring tidings unto Sir Galahad how he had sped. Then when they had ridden a two mile, and came in a fair valley afore a hermitage, they saw a goodly knight come from that part in white armor, horse and all; and he came as fast as his horse might run, with his spear in the rest; and King Bagdemagus pressed his spear against him, and brake it upon the white knight.

But the other struck him so hard that he brake the mails,[2] and thrust him through the right shoulder, for the shield covered him not at that time, and so he bare him from his horse; and therewith he alighted and took the white shield from him, saying, "Knight, thou hast done thyself great folly, for this shield ought not to be borne but by him that shall have no peer that liveth."

And then he came to King Bagdemagus's squire, and said, "Bear this shield unto the good knight, Sir Gala-

[1] *wot*, know. [2] *mails*, coat of mail.

had, that thou left in the abbey, and greet him well from me."

"Sir," said the squire, "what is your name?"

"Take thou no heed of my name," said the knight, "for it is not for thee to know, nor for none earthly man."

"Now, fair sir," said the squire, "tell me for what cause this shield may not be borne, but if the bearer thereof be mischieved."

"This shield," said the knight, "behoveth[1] no man but unto Galahad." . . .

And the squire went. "Sir Galahad," said the squire, "that knight that wounded Bagdemagus sendeth you greeting, and bade that ye should bear this shield, wherethrough great adventures should befall."

"Now blessed be God and fortune," said Sir Galahad.

And then he asked his arms, and mounted upon his horse, and hung the white shield about his neck.

How Galahad comes to the Place of the Sangreal, and what befalls him there.

Now saith the story that Galahad rode many journeys in vain. . . . And at last rode they a great while till they came to the castle of Carbonek. And when they entered within the castle, king Pelles knew them. Then there was great joy, for they wist well by their coming that they had fulfilled the quest of the Sangreal. . . .

Anon they saw knights all armed come in at the hall door, and did off their helms and their arms and said unto Galahad, "Sir, we have hied[2] right much for to be with you at this table, where the holy meat shall be parted."[3]

Then said he, "Ye be welcome; but of whence be ye?"

So three of them said they were of Gaul, and other three

[1] *behove*, suit; be fit for. [2] *hie*, hasten. [3] *parted*, divided.

said they were of Ireland, and the other three said they were of Denmark.

So as they sat thus a voice said, "There be two among you that be not in the quest of the Sangreal, and therefore depart ye." Then king Pelles and his son departed.

And therewithal beseemed them that there came a man and four angels from heaven, and these four angels bare him up in a chair, and set him down before the table of silver whereupon the Sangreal was. . . . And then he went to Galahad and kissed him, and bade him go and kiss his fellows, and so he did anon.

"Now," said he, "ye shall be fed afore this table with sweet meats that never knights tasted." And when he had said, he vanished away; and they set them at the table in great dread, and made their prayers.

Then looked they, and saw a man come out of the holy vessel, that had all the signs of the passion of the Lord, and said, "My knights and my servants and my true children, I will now no longer hide me from you; now hold and receive the high meat which ye have so much desired."

Then took he himself the holy vessel and came to Galahad, and he kneeled down.

Then said he to Galahad, "Son, wotest thou what I hold betwixt my hands?"

"Nay," said he, "but if ye will tell me."

"This is," said he, "the holy dish wherein I ate the lamb on Sher-Thursday. And now hast thou seen that thou most desiredst to see, but yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shalt see it in the city of Sarras. Therefore thou must go hence and bear with thee this holy vessel, for this night it shall depart from the realm of Logris, that it shall never be seen more here. And therefore go ye three to-morrow unto the sea, where ye shall find your ship

ready." Then he gave them his blessing and vanished away. . . .

Right so departed Galahad, Percivale, and Bors with him, and so they rode three days, and then they came to a rivage,[1] and found the ship whereof the tale speaketh tofore. And when they came to the board, they found in the midst the table of silver and the Sangreal, which was covered with red samite.

So long were they in the ship that they said to Galahad, "Sir, in this bed ought ye to lie, for so saith the scripture." And so he laid him down, and slept a great while. And when he awaked, he looked afore him and saw the city of Sarras.

Then took they out of the ship the table of silver, and he took it to Percivale and to Bors to go tofore, and Galahad came behind, and right so they went to the city, and at the gate of the city they saw an old man crooked. Then Galahad called him, and bade him help to bear this heavy thing.

"Truly," said the old man, "it is ten year ago that I might not go but with crutches."

"Care thou not," said Galahad, "and arise up and shew thy good will."

And so he assayed, and found himself as whole as ever he was. Then ran he to the table, and took one part against Galahad. And anon arose there great noise in the city, that a cripple was made whole by knights marvellous that entered into the city.

And when the king of the city, which was cleped[2] Estorause, saw the fellowship, he asked them of whence they were and what thing it was that they had brought upon the table of silver. And they told him the truth of the Sangreal, and the power which that God had set there.

[1] *rivage*, a bank or shore. [2] *cleped*, called.

Then the king was a tyrant, and was come of the line of paynims, and took them, and put them in prison in a deep hole.

How Galahad was made King, and how he was taken up into Heaven.

So at the year's end it befell that this king Estorause lay sick, and felt that he should die. Then he sent for the three knights, and they came afore him, and he cried them mercy[1] of that he had done to them, and they forgave it him goodly, and he died anon.

When the king was dead, all the city was dismayed, and wist not who might be their king. Right so as they were in counsel, there came a voice among them, and bade them choose the youngest knight of them three to be their king, "for he shall well maintain you and all yours." So they made Galahad king by all the assent of the whole city, and else they would have slain him.

Now at the year's end, and the self[2] day after Galahad had borne the crown of gold, he arose up early, and his fellow, and came to the palace, and saw tofore them the holy vessel and a man kneeling on his knees that had about him a great fellowship of angels.

Then Galahad knew that his hour was come. And he went to Percivale and kissed him, and commanded[3] him to God. And so he went to Sir Bors and kissed him, and commanded him to God, and said, "Fair lord, salute me to my lord Sir Launcelot, and as soon as ye see him bid him remember of this unstable world."

And therewith he kneeled down tofore the table and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that the two fellows might well behold it. Also the two

[1] *cry mercy*, ask pardon. [2] *self*, very. [3] *commanded*, committed.

fellows saw come from the heaven an hand, but they saw not the body; and then it came right to the vessel, and took it and the spear, and so bare it up to heaven.

So after the quest of the Sangreal was fulfilled, and all knights that were left on live were come again to the Table Round, then there was great joy, and in especial King Arthur and Queen Guenever made great joy of the remnant that were come home. Sithen[1] was there never man so hardy to say that he had seen the Sangreal.

King Arthur, the true King Arthur was a British chieftain, who lived in the sixth century. A mass of romance and numerous charming myths have clustered about his name. The delightful stories of the exploits of Arthur and his knights have appeared again and again in literature, though their connection with the existence and the deeds of the actual sixth-century Arthur is very remote.

U'ther Pen drag'on, king of Britain and father of Arthur.

Mer'lin, in the Arthurian legend, an enchanter, and Arthur's counsellor and companion.

es tates', persons of high rank.

just, to engage in mock combat on horseback.

tour'ney, to engage in mock combat in parties of two or three, or more.

com'mons, the common people.

sam'ite, a kind of silk stuff, usually interwoven with gold.

San greal' (grāl), the holy cup which the Lord was supposed to have used at the Last Supper. This cup, according to the legend, would vanish if approached by any but a pure and holy person. The quest of the Holy Grail was to be undertaken only by a knight who was pure in thought, word, and deed. Many knights entered upon the quest and failed.

sen'dal, a light, thin silk stuff.

Sher-Thursday, the Thursday of the week before Easter.

lin'e age, descent in direct line.

Joseph of Ar i ma the'a, a member of the Jewish Sanhedrin, who received and buried the body of the Lord. There is a legend that he was imprisoned forty-two years, which seemed to him but three, on account of the Holy Grail, which he kept with him in prison; and he later carried the Grail to Britain.

pay'nims, heathen; unbelievers.

Sir Thomas Malory (born 1430) was a Welsh or English knight, and was probably a priest. He is chiefly noted as the compiler and translator (from the French) of the English "Morte Darthur" (death of Arthur).

[1] *Sithen*, since then.

SIR GALAHAD

ALFRED TENNYSON

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
  My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
  Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
  Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
  A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
  A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
  I hear a noise of hymns:

Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

The first stanza refers to the tournaments of the knights, in which the victor received his reward from ladies' hands.

casque, a helmet.

brand, a sword.

crypt, a part of a cathedral below the chief floor, sometimes used as a chapel or shrine.

stormy crescent, the new moon.

cen'ser, a vessel in which incense is burned before an altar; it usually hangs from chains.

mere, a sea, or lake.

stole, a long robe or vestment.

leads, the sheets of lead with which the roofs were covered.

hos'tel, an inn.

grange, a farm, including all the farm-buildings and granary.

pale, an enclosure.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

SIR THOMAS MALORY

How by Misadventure of an Adder the Battle began, where Mordred was slain and ARTHUR *hurt to the Death.*

THEN were they condescended[1] that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet between both their hosts, and each of them should bring fourteen persons. And they came with this word unto King Arthur. Then said he, "I am glad that this is done." And so he went into the field. And when King Arthur should depart, he warned all his host, that an they saw any sword drawn, "Look that ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor, Sir Mordred, for I in nowise trust him."

In likewise Sir Mordred did warn his host, that "An ye see any manner of sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth; for in nowise I will not trust for this treaty, for I know well that my father will be avenged on me."

And so they were agreed, and accorded thoroughly.

Right soon came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stung, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm.

And when the hosts on both parties saw that sword drawn, they blew trumpets and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together, and King Arthur took his horse, and said, "Alas! this unhappy day!" and so he rode to his party, and so Sir Mordred did likewise.

[1] *condescend*, here, to consent or agree.

And never was there seen a dolefuller battle in Christian land. . . .

And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted[1] till the noble knights were laid to the cold ground, and ever they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there a hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was King Arthur wroth out of measure when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware that of all his host, and of his good knights, were left no more alive but two knights: that were Sir Lucan the butler, and Sir Bedivere, his brother, and they were full sore wounded.

"Jesu, mercy," said the king; "where are all my noble knights become? Alas! that ever I should see this doleful day; for now," said Arthur, "I am come unto mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor, Sir Mordred, which hath caused all this mischief!"

Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword, among a great heap of dead men. "Now give me my spear," said Arthur to Sir Lucan, "for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought." . . .

And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran unto him with his sword drawn in his hand, and then King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield with a foin[2] of his spear, throughout the body more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death's wound, he thrust himself with all the might that he had up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur with his sword holden[3] in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewith Sir Mordred fell down stark

[1] *stint*, to cease. [2] *foin*, a pass; a lunge. [3] *holden*, held.

dead to the earth. And the noble King Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned ofttimes. And Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere ofttimes heaved him up, and so weakly they led him between them both to a little chapel, not far from the seaside.

How King ARTHUR *commanded to cast his Sword Excalibur into the water, and how he was delivered to Ladies in a Barge.*

"But my time hieth fast," said King Arthur unto Sir Bedivere. "Therefore take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder waterside; and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword into that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest."

"My lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again."

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft were all of precious stones. And then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword into the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree, and so as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water.

"What saw thou there?" said the king.

"Sir," said he, "I saw nothing but waves and wind."

"That is untruly said of thee," said the king, "therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment, as thou art to me lief and dear; spare not, but throw in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then he thought it sin and shame to throw away that noble sword: and so again he hid the

sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water and done his commandment.

"What saw ye there?" said the king.

"Sir," said he, "I saw nothing but the water leap and the waves wan."[1]

"Ah! traitor untrue," said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me two times. Who would have weened that thou, that hast been unto me so self and dear, and that art named a noble knight, wouldst betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead."

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up and went to the waterside and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword into the water as far as he might, and there came an arm and a hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished. And then the hand vanished away with the sword in the water.

So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he had seen. "Alas!" said the king, "help me from hence; for I dread me I have tarried over long."

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge, with many fair ladies in it; and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods; and they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me into the barge," said the king; and so he

[1] *wan*, to grow pale.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they sat them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said, "Ah! dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas! this wound on your head hath taken overmuch cold." And so then they rowed from the land; and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him.

Then Sir Bedivere cried, "Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies?"

"Comfort thyself," said the king, "and do as well as thou mayest; for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul."

But evermore the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest, and so he went all the night; and, in the morning, he was ware, between two hills, of a chapel and an hermitage.

Mor'dred, Arthur's son, who treacherously usurped the crown in Arthur's absence.

bur, a ring of iron on the handle of a lance or spear.

haft, a handle.

A vil'ion, in old English mythology, the name of the Land of the Blessed, an earthly paradise in the western seas.

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the midday sun. — JOHN MILTON.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

ALFRED TENNYSON

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea,
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonnesse about their Lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land:
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made, —
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more; but, let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm —
A little thing may harm a wounded man;
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,

In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted water flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought,
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,

Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems

Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops

Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne — were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shattered column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists of Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst — if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) —
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.
But when that moan had past forevermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, "The King is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;

Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,
"He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but — if he come no more —
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

hest, behest, or bidding.
ja'cinth, among the ancients, a gem of bluish violet color, supposed to be the sapphire; now, a gem of reddish-orange color, a variety of the mineral zircon. Also written *hyacinth*.
fe'al ty, loyalty.
joust, same as *just*.
wid'owed, deprived, bereft.
caught him by the hilt, the older English writers use *him* and *his* where the modern use requires *it* and *its*.
greaves, metal armor worn to protect the leg below the knee.
cuisses (quish'es), armor for the thighs.
da'is-throne, a canopied throne.
the light that led . . . myrrh. See Matt. ii. 1–12.
fluting a wild carol ere her death, there is a pretty superstition that the swan sings melodiously just before it dies.

THE HABIT OF ATTENTION

LORD CHESTERFIELD

A MAN is fit for neither business nor pleasure who either cannot, or does not, command and direct his attention to the present object, and in some degree banish for that time all other objects from his thoughts. If at a ball, a supper, a party of pleasure, a man were to be solving, in his own mind, a problem of Euclid, he would be a very bad companion, and make a very poor figure in that company; or, if in studying a problem in his closet he were to think of a minuet, I am apt to believe that he would make a very poor mathematician. There is time enough for everything in the course of the day, if you do but one thing at once; but there is not time enough in the year, if you will do two things at a time.

The Pensionary De Witt, who was torn to pieces in the year 1672, did the whole business of the Republic, and yet had time left to go to assemblies in the evening, and sup in company. Being asked how he could possibly find time to go through so much business, and yet amuse himself in the evenings as he did, he answered, "There was nothing so easy; for that it was only doing one thing at a time, and never putting off anything until to-morrow that could be done to-day." This steady and undissipated attention to one object is a sure mark of superior genius, as hurry, bustle, and agitation are the never-failing symptoms of a weak and frivolous mind.

There is no surer sign in the world of a little weak mind than inattention. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and nothing can be done well without attention. It is the sure answer of a fool, when you ask him

about anything that was said or done, where he was present, that "truly he did not mind it." And why did not the fool mind it? What had he else to do there but to mind what was doing? A man of sense sees, hears, and retains everything that passes where he is. I desire I may never hear you talk of not minding, nor complain, as most fools do, of a treacherous memory.

Mind not only what people say, but how they say it; and if you have any sagacity you may discover more truth by your eyes than by your ears. People can say what they will, but they cannot look just as they will; and their looks frequently discover what their words are intended to conceal. Observe, therefore, people's looks carefully when they speak, not only to you, but to each other. I have often guessed by people's faces what they were saying, though I could not hear one word they said.

The most material knowledge of all, I mean the knowledge of the world, is never to be acquired without great attention; and I know many old people, who, though they have lived long in the world, are but children still as to the knowledge of it, from their levity and inattention. Certain forms, which all people comply with, and certain arts which all people aim at, hide in some degree the truth, and give a general exterior resemblance almost to everybody. Attention and sagacity must see through that veil, and discover the natural character. If a man with whom you are but barely acquainted, to whom you have made no offers, nor given any marks of friendship, makes you, on a sudden, strong professions of his, receive them with civility, but do not repay them with confidence. He certainly means to deceive you; for one man does not fall in love with another at sight. If a man uses strong protestations or oaths to make you believe a thing, which is of itself so likely and

probable, that the bare saying of it would be sufficient, depend upon it he lies, and is highly interested in making you believe it; or else he would not take so much pains.

I know no one thing more offensive to a company than inattention and distraction. It is showing them the usual contempt; and people never forgive contempt. No man is distrait with the man he fears or the woman he loves, which is proof that every man can get the better of that distraction when he thinks it worth his while to do so; and take my word for it, it is always worth his while. For my own part I would rather be in company with a dead man than with an absent one; for if the dead man gives me no pleasure, at least he shows me no contempt; whereas the absent man, silently indeed, but very plainly, tells me that he does not think me worth his attention.

Besides, can an absent man make any observations upon the characters, customs, and manners of the company? No. He may be in the best companies all his lifetime (if they will admit him, which, if I were they, I would not) and never be one jot the wiser. I never will converse with an absent man; one may as well talk to a deaf one. It is, in truth, a practical blunder to address ourselves to a man who we see plainly neither hears, minds, nor understands us. Moreover, I aver that no man is in any degree fit for either business or conversation who cannot and does not direct and command his attention to the present subject, be that what it will.

Eu'clid, a famous Greek geometer, who lived about 300 B.C. His principal work is the "Elements," parts of which have been used as geometry text-books down to the present time.

De Witt', Jan de Witt (1625–1672) was an able Dutch statesman. He was Grand Pensionary, or Prime Minister of Holland.

dis trait', absent-minded.

ab'sent, absent-minded; inattentive.

ON THE NEW YEAR COMING OF AGE

CHARLES LAMB

The Old Year being dead and the New Year coming of age, which he does by Calendar Law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty.

It was stiffly debated whether the Fasts should be admitted. Some said that the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would prevent the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday, and a mighty desire to see how the old Dominie would behave himself in his cups. Only the Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the Days came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table, with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-ninth of February. I should have told you that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours, twelve as merry little whirligig foot pages as you should desire to see, that went all round and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few such Movables who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, Foul Days, Fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but Hail! fellow Day, — well met! brother Day — sister Day. Only Lady Day kept a little aloof and seemed somewhat scornful; yet some said Twelfth Day cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost cake all royal and glittering and Epiphanous. The rest came, some in green, some in white — but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and Sunshiny Days helped them to change their stockings. Wedding Day was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear. Pay Day came late as he always does, and Dooms Day sent word he might be expected.

April Fool, as my young lord's jester, took upon himself to marshal the guests; and wild work he made with it. He had stuck the Twenty-First of June next to the Twenty-Second of December, and the former looked like a May-pole siding a marrowbone. Ash Wednesday got wedged in between Christmas and Lord Mayor's Days. How he laid about him! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him — to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker.

At another part of the table, Shrove Tuesday was helping the Second of September to some broth — which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a pheasant. The last of Lent was spunging upon Shrovetide's pancakes, which April Fool perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a good fry-day.

It beginning to grow a little dusk, Candlemas lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the Days, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed around in silver ewers, and the same lady was

observed to take an unusual time in washing herself. May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, and promised to improve their farms and at the same time to abate their rents.

Then the young lord, in as few and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome and with a graceful turn singling out poor Twenty-Ninth of February that had sat all this time mum, at the sideboard, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him — which he drank accordingly, observing that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years, — with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time removing the solitary Day from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed who had the greatest number of followers, the Quarters Days said there could be no question as to that, for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But April Fool gave it in favor of the Forty Days before Easter, because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

Day being ended, the Days called for their cloaks and greatcoats, and took their leaves. Lord Mayor's Day went off in a mist as usual, Shortest Day in a deep black Fog that wrapped the little gentleman all round like a

hedgehog. Two Vigils (so watchmen are called in heaven) saw Christmas Day home — they had been used to the business before. Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May Day took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set off in.

vig'ils, devotional watchings.
Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent (a name given to the forty days before Easter).
Shrove Tuesday, the day before Lent.
Lady Day, the day of the annunciation of the Virgin Mary.
Twelfth Day, the twelfth day after Christmas.
tif'fa ny, a very thin silk or gauze. The name tiffany, or *Epiphany*, is also applied to Twelfth Day.
E piph'a nous, relating to the festival of Twelfth Day.
Dooms Day, a day of sentence, or of death.
bar'on of beef, two sirloins not cut apart at the backbone.
Can'dle mas Day, the second of February, the day on which the candles for the altar are blessed.
ew'ers, pitchers with wide mouths.
Quarter Day, it is a common custom for accounts to be paid every quarter, or once in three months.

YOUTH AND AGE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

L'ALLEGRO

JOHN MILTON

HASTE thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathéd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovéd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn

Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,

"Where the nibbling flocks do stray."

The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;

Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

L'Al le' (lā) **gro**, the cheerful man.
Nymph, the poet addresses Mirth as a nymph.
He'be, in mythology, the beautiful maiden who waited upon the gods at table, and was herself the goddess of youth and spring.
eg'lan tine, a twining plant, with fragrant flowers.
dight, clothed ; decked.
haw'thorn, a shrub common in England, having thorns, shining leaves, and small, fragrant flowers.
fal'lows, land that has been ploughed, but not cultivated.
cy'no sure, the centre of attention.
Cor'y don, Thyr'sis, Phil'lis, Thes'ty lis, names used in poetry for shepherds or country lads and lasses.
re'beck, an old three-stringed musical instrument.
jun'kets, cheese cakes.
Faery Mab, the goblin, etc. The superstitions about the coming of Queen Mab and the visits of the goblin, for whom the bowl of cream must be set, were rife in the rural districts of England at a very early time.
weeds, garments.
Hy'men, god of marriage.
pag'ean try, splendid display.
Jon'son, Ben Jonson, a famous dramatist of the age of Queen Elizabeth.
sock, a shoe formerly worn by actors in comedy; here, the play itself.
Lyd'i an airs, the people of the ancient country of Lydia, in Asia, were famous for their music.

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674) is, next to Shakespeare, England's greatest writer. His poetry and prose are both written with a master hand. His most famous work is "Paradise Lost."

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down. — JOHNSON.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES

JOSEPH ADDISON

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal farther, and implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could exchange conditions with him.

As I was musing upon these two remarks, seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap.

There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the

appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a parcel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it, but, after a few faint efforts shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth.

The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach that it was only a natural hump which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real.

One little packet I could but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice, in particular, of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but, upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened, very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and, all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of an-

other person. I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such bundles as should be allotted to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet.

The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion I shall communicate to the public. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and ease against pain.

The female world were busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which

every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils that befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that any evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that, as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I bent to touch my forehead, I missed the place and clapped my finger upon my upper lip! Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans, and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear.

There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and

her aspect serious, but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part as big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

Soc'ra tes, was one of the greatest of the Greek philosophers. He lived from 470 to 399 B.C.

Hor'ace, a Latin poet whose verses have great beauty and charm.

chi mer'i cal, wild, fantastic.

spleen, an organ in the body, the use of which is not fully known, but which is sometimes spoken of as the seat of ill-temper.

prof'li gate, recklessly wicked.

in lieu of, in place of.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719) was an English prose writer, best known as the writer of the "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers." With his friend Steele, he published "The Spectator," "The Tatler," and "The Guardian." He wrote some short poems, and a tragedy called "Cato."

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

ALEXANDER POPE

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding Nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,

And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath;
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done!

To thee, whose temple is all space, —
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies, —
One chorus let all beings raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

ALEXANDER POPE (1688–1744) was a popular English poet and critic. His best known works are the "Essay on Man" and his translation of Homer's "Iliad."

LIBERTY OR DEATH

PATRICK HENRY

Mr. President: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth — to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House.

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourself to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourself how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial

array, if its purpose be not
gentlemen assign any o
Great Britain any ene
call for all this acc

No, sir, she h
be meant for
rivet up th
so long

ur contest shall be obtained, we
we must fight! An appeal
is all that is left!
ak — unable to cope
when shall we be
the next year?
nd when a
hall we
e

What is it that the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery! Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

in sid'i ous, sly; treacherous.
in ter po si'tion, a coming between.
su pine'ly, listlessly; heedlessly.
ex ten'u ate, to lessen the force of.

PATRICK HENRY (1736–1799) was one of the greatest of American orators. He was a member of the Continental Congress, and was four times governor of Virginia. The famous oration here given was delivered in the Continental Congress in March, 1775.

THE SOUTH IN THE REVOLUTION

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE

IF there be one state in the Union, and I say it not in a boasting spirit, that may challenge comparisons with any other, for an uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is South Carolina.

From the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother-country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found, in their situation, a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they perilled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

Never were there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution! The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "Plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

Sum'ter. Gen. Thomas Sumter obtained several important advantages over the British in the Revolution.

Mar'i on. Gen. Francis Marion carried on guerilla warfare during the Revolution with brilliant success.

Robert Young Hayne (1791–1840) of South Carolina was a distinguished American orator and statesman.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born

Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul;
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Nau'ti lus, a small sea-creature, with a beautiful shell, which in reality crawls upon the bottom of the sea, but which was formerly supposed to sail.

i'rised, having colors like the rainbow.

Tri'ton, a fabled demigod of the sea, who had a trumpet made of a shell.

Friends and Enemies. — Cicero has very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in such a manner, that if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behavior toward an enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it which regards our behavior toward a friend, savors more of cunning than of discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend. Besides, when a friend is turned into an enemy, and a betrayer of secrets, the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

— Joseph Addison.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

WASHINGTON IRVING

I HAD come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakespeare shot the deer on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box, which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakespeare's mulberry tree.

The favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakespeare's chair. It stands in the chimney nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop.

Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit with all the longings of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit: whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say, I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me, that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.

I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am ever willing to be deceived, where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of goblins and great men; and would advise all travellers who travel for their gratification to be the same. What is it to us whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute good-humored credulity in these matters.

From the birthplace of Shakespeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining

SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE

gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired; the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the gray tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gray spire.

In the course of my rambles I met with the gray-headed sexton, Edmonds, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage, looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows; and was a picture of that neatness, order, and comfort which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country. A low, whitewashed room, with a stone floor carefully scrubbed, served for parlor, kitchen, and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser. On an old oaken table, well rubbed and polished, lay the family Bible and prayer-book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a score of well-thumbed volumes. An ancient clock, that important article of cottage furniture, ticked on the opposite side of the room, with a bright warming-pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man's horn-handled

Sunday cane on the other. The fireplace, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip knot within its jambs. In one corner sat the old man's granddaughter sewing, a pretty blue-eyed girl, — and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony, whom he addressed by the name of John Ange, and who, I found, had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about and gossiping away the evening of life.

I had hoped to gather some traditionary anecdotes of the bard from these ancient chroniclers; but they had nothing new to impart. The long interval during which Shakespeare's writing lay in comparative neglect has spread its shadow over his history; and it is his good or evil lot that scarcely anything remains to his biographers but a scanty handful of conjectures.

I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakespeare house. John Ange shook his head when I mentioned her valuable collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakespeare's having been born in her house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a rival to the poet's tomb; the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset, and mere pebbles make the stream of truth diverge into different channels, even at the fountain-head.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those

of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low, perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds.

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakespeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead, and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease — fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world: for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor?

The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains

from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since also, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space, almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains, so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again.

Next to this grave are those of his wife, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a full-length effigy of his old friend John Combe of usurious memory, on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare. His idea pervaded the place; the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence: other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea that, in very truth, the remains of Shakespeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the churchyard, I plucked a branch from one of the yew trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.

I had now visited the usual objects of a pilgrim's devotion, but I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys, at Charlecot, and to ramble through the park

where Shakespeare, in company with some of the roisters of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this hair-brained exploit we are told that he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity.

The old mansion of Charlecot and its surrounding park still remain in the possession of the Lucy family, and are peculiarly interesting from being connected with this whimsical but eventful circumstance in the scanty history of the bard. As the house stood but little more than three miles' distance from Stratford, I resolved to pay it a pedestrian visit, that I might stroll leisurely through some of those scenes from which Shakespeare must have derived his earliest ideas of rural imagery.

The country was yet naked and leafless; but English scenery is always verdant, and the sudden change in the temperature of the weather was surprising in its quickening effects upon the landscape. It was inspiring and animating to witness this first awakening of spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and the tender blade; and the trees and shrubs, in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The cold snowdrop, that little borderer on the skirts of winter, was to be seen with its chaste white blossoms in the small gardens before the cottages. The bleating of the lambs was faintly heard from the fields. The sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves and budding hedges; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous wintry strain; and the lark, springing up from the reeking bosom of the meadow, towered away into the bright fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of melody. As I watched the little songster, mounting up

higher and higher, until his body was a mere speck on the white bosom of the cloud, while the ear was still filled with his music, it called to mind Shakespeare's exquisite little song in "Cymbeline": —

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies.

"And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!"

Indeed the whole country about here is poetic ground: everything is associated with the idea of Shakespeare. Every old cottage that I saw, I fancied into some resort of his boyhood, where he had acquired his intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners, and heard those legendary tales and wild superstitions which he has woven like witchcraft into his dramas. For in his time, we are told, it was a popular amusement in winter evenings "to sit round the fire, and tell merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheaters, witches, fairies, goblins, and friars."

My route for a part of the way lay in sight of the Avon, which made a variety of the most fancy doublings and windings through a wide and fertile valley; sometimes glittering from among willows, which fringed its borders; sometimes disappearing among groves, or beneath green banks; and sometimes rambling out into full view, and making an azure sweep round a slope of meadow land. This beautiful bosom of country is called the Vale of the Red Horse. A distant line of undulating blue hills seems

to be its boundary, whilst all the soft intervening landscape lies in a manner enchained in the silver links of the Avon.

After pursuing the road for about three miles, I turned off into a footpath which led along the borders of fields, and under hedgerows to a private gate of the park; there was a stile, however, for the benefit of the pedestrian, there being a public right of way through the grounds. I delight in these hospitable estates, in which every one has a kind of property — at least as far as the footpath is concerned. It in some measure reconciles a poor man to his lot, and, what is more, to the better lot of his neighbor, thus to have parks and pleasure-grounds thrown open for his recreation. He breathes the pure air as freely, and lolls as luxuriously under the shade, as the lord of the soil; and if he has not the privilege of calling all that he sees his own, he has not, at the same time, the trouble of paying for it, and keeping it in order.

I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. The wind sounded solemnly among their branches, and the rooks cawed from their hereditary nests in the tree-tops. The eye ranged through a long, lessening vista, with nothing to interrupt the view but a distant statue, and a vagrant deer stalking like a shadow across the opening.

It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery, and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fullbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakespeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jaques, and the enchanting woodland pictures in "As You Like It." It is in lonely wanderings through such scenes that the mind drinks deep but quiet draughts of inspiration, and becomes intensely sensible of the beauty

and majesty of nature. The imagination kindles into revery and rapture; vague but exquisite images and ideas keep breaking upon it; and we revel in a mute and almost incommunicable luxury of thought. It was in some such mood, and perhaps under one of those very trees before me, which threw their broad shades over the grassy banks and quivering waters of the Avon, that the poet's fancy may have sallied forth into that little song which breathes the very soul of a rural voluptuary:—

"Under the green wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry throat
Unto the sweet bird's note,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

I had now come in sight of the house. It is a large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. A great gateway opens from the park into a kind of courtyard in front of the house, ornamented with a grass-plot, shrubs, and flower-beds. The gateway is in imitation of the ancient barbacan, being a kind of outpost and flanked by towers, though evidently for mere ornament, instead of defence. The front of the house is completely in the old style, with stone-shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stonework, and a portal with armorial bearings over it, carved in stone. At each corner of the building is an octagon tower, surmounted by a gilt ball and weathercock.

The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently sloping bank, which sweeps down from the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were feeding or reposing upon its borders, and swans were sailing majestically upon its bosom.

Whatever may have been the joviality of the old mansion in the days of Shakespeare, it had now an air of stillness and solitude. The great iron gateway that opened into the courtyard was locked; there was no show of servants bustling about the place; the deer gazed quietly at me as I passed, being no longer harried by the moss-troopers of Stratford.

After prowling about for some time, I at length found my way to a lateral portal, which was the everyday entrance to the mansion. I was courteously received by a worthy old housekeeper, who, with the civility and communicativeness of her order, showed me the interior of the house. The greater part has undergone alterations, and been adapted to modern tastes and modes of living; there is a fine old oaken staircase; and the great hall, that noble feature in an ancient manor-house, still retains much of the appearance it must have had in the days of Shakespeare. The ceiling is arched and lofty; and at one end is a gallery in which stands an organ. The weapons and trophies of the chase, which formerly adorned the hall of a country gentleman, have made way for family portraits. There is a wide hospitable fireplace, calculated for an ample old-fashioned wood fire, formerly the rallying place of winter festivity. On the opposite side of the hall is the huge Gothic bow-window, with stone shafts, which looks out upon the courtyard. Here are emblazoned in stained glass the armorial bearings of the Lucy family for many generations, some being dated in 1558.

I regretted to find that the ancient furniture of the hall had disappeared; for I had hoped to meet with the stately elbow-chair of carved oak, in which the country squire of former days was wont to sway the sceptre of empire over his rural domains; and in which it might be presumed the redoubted Sir Thomas sat enthroned in awful state when the recreant Shakespeare was brought before him. As I like to deck out pictures for my own entertainment, I pleased myself with the idea that this very hall had been the scene of the unlucky bard's examination on the morning after his captivity in the lodge. I fancied to myself the rural potentate, surrounded by his bodyguard of butler, pages, and blue-coated serving-men, with their badges; while the luckless culprit was brought in, forlorn and chopfallen, in the custody of gamekeepers, huntsmen, and whippers-in, and followed by a rabble rout of country clowns.

I fancied bright faces of curious housemaids peeping from the half-opened doors; while from the gallery the fair daughters of the knight leaned gracefully forward, eying the youthful prisoner with that pity "that dwells in womanhood." Who would have thought that this poor varlet, thus trembling before the brief authority of a country squire, and the sport of rustic boors, was soon to become the delight of princes, the theme of all tongues and ages, the dictator to the human mind, and was to confer immortality on his oppressor by a caricature and a lampoon!

I was now invited by the butler to walk into the garden, and I felt inclined to visit the orchard and arbor where the justice treated Sir John Falstaff and Cousin Silence "to a last year's pippin of his own grafting, with a dish of caraways"; but I had already spent so much of the day

in my ramblings that I was obliged to give up any further investigations. When about to take my leave I was gratified by the civil entreaties of the housekeeper and butler, that I would take some refreshment; an instance of good old hospitality which, I grieve to say, we castle-hunters seldom meet with in modern days.

On returning to my inn, I could but reflect on the singular gift of the poet: to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over the very face of nature; to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this "working-day world" into a perfect fairy-land. He is indeed the true enchanter, whose spell operates, not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakespeare I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscape through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been surrounded with fancied beings; with mere airy nothings, conjured up by poetic power; yet which, to me, had all the charm of reality. I had heard Jaques soliloquize beneath his oak; had beheld the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands; and, above all, had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff and his contemporaries, from the august Justice Shallow, down to the gentle Master Slender and the sweet Anne Page. Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions; who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures in my checkered path; and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour, with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life!

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church in which the

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

poet lies buried, and could but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seemed to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an over-wrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices; and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!

Ham'let, one of the best known of the heroes of Shakespeare's tragedies. Hamlet is the type of the man of thought rather than of action.

Ro'me o and Ju'li et, an unhappy pair of lovers in Shakespeare's play of that name. Friar Laurence was the friendly monk who married them.

su per an'nu a ted, too old for active service.

wight, a person.

Goth'ic, belonging to a style of architecture which has generally great height in proportion to the other dimensions.

es cutch'eon, in heraldry, a surface upon which a person's coat of arms or other bearings are displayed.

u su'ri ous, practising usury, or acquired by usury.

mau so le'um, a magnificent tomb.

Cym'be line, the title of one of Shakespeare's dramas. Cymbeline is a mythical king of early Britain.

bin, is (old form).

Jaques, a meditative character in Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

quoins, the selected pieces of material by which the corner of a building is marked.

bar'ba can, a tower defending the entrance to a castle.

oc'ta gon, having eight sides.

moss-troopers, marauders.

var'let, a rascal.

car'ic a ture, a ridiculous picture or description of a person's peculiarities.

lam poon', ridicule or reproach in writing. Shakespeare wrote a bitter ballad against Squire Lucy, in revenge for his imprisonment.

Sir John Fal'staff, a character which appears both in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" and in his "Henry IV." He is a mountain of fat, untruthful, boastful, and fond of practical jokes.

Cousin Silence, a stupid country justice in "Henry IV."

Ros'a lind, the heroine of "As You Like It," and one of the most charming of Shakespeare's women.

Justice Shallow appears in both "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Henry IV." He is a simple-minded country justice, and a great braggart.

Slender, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," is one of the suitors to "sweet Anne Page." He is a country clown and a cousin to Shallow.

ve'nal, capable of being obtained for money.

eu lo'gi um, a formal speech or writing of praise.

fac ti'tious, artificial; sham.

TO A WATER-FOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

il lim'i ta ble, boundless; having no limits.

DANIEL WEBSTER

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

It happened to the writer, when hardly more than a boy, to be sent upon an errand to an office in a building on State Street in Boston, where eight or ten clerks were hard at work. One of them, getting up for some purpose and passing a window, suddenly remarked, "There's Daniel Webster." In an instant every desk was deserted and every window occupied. I naturally went with the rest and had to climb into a chair to look over their heads.

Looking out, I saw that every window in the opposite building was equally crowded and everybody was looking in one direction. Following their gaze, I saw a man of rustic appearance, massive body, and large head, whom I had never seen before, and who stood alone at the corner of the street, looking across to the other side. He had a complexion as dark as an Indian's, with coal-black eyes and heavy brows surmounted by a somewhat battered beaver hat. He paid no attention to any one, though all of the people in passing glanced shyly up at him. Probably he was waiting for some companion, perhaps expecting to go on a fishing excursion, a diversion of which he was very fond. This was Daniel Webster, as I first saw him — the orator and the interpreter of the Constitution.

Some weeks later, at the house of a relative in Brookline, I was called upon to offer the sugar-bowl to Daniel Webster, who was just accepting a cup of tea, and I have never forgotten the bright smile with which he received my humble offering. He was a man so famous that I am afraid I was led to mention that little honor until my friends became quite tired of it.

Once again, in a public gathering of Harvard graduates, when Edward Everett, a famous orator, was giving an address to an audience, there came a burst of applause, and the orator looked pleased and bowed; but when the applause went on, and people all looked and pointed toward the platform behind him, Mr. Everett turned and saw the massive form of Daniel Webster coming upon the stage. Mr. Everett bowed gracefully and said, "Tell us, sir, you who know more of the subject than any one else, whether what I am saying is not true"; and Mr. Webster bowed his fine head, though he probably had not discovered what Mr. Everett was talking about. This was the last time I ever saw him.

Daniel Webster was born January 18, 1782, in Salisbury, New Hampshire, a small town set in the midst of rugged rocks and unfertile soil, above the winding Merrimac River. His father, Ebenezer Webster, a yeoman born and bred, had a creditable military career; he served in the old French war and the Revolutionary war, but found it hard to provide for his growing family in time of peace.

Daniel worked on the farm in his boyhood, but he early showed a love of books. He attended the district schools; then at the age of thirteen he entered Phillips Academy, Exeter, and at fifteen, Dartmouth College. After his graduation he began the study of law, but finding that his elder brother, Ezekiel, was eager for a college education, he generously interrupted his law work to teach school in what is now Fryeburg, Maine, in order that he might help his brother by his earnings. In 1805 he came to Boston and resumed his law studies in the office of the famous Christopher Gore, afterward governor of Massachusetts. From that time he rose steadily to a position of dignity and fame.

We know something of Mr. Webster's first appearance at the bar through another brilliant New Hampshire man, Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, who wrote about it in his usual odd and lively style. "He was singular in his look. He and his brother Zeke used to come together to court, after a year or two. I can see them now, driving into that little village in their bellows-top chaise — top thrown back — driving like Jehu, the chaise bending under them like a close-top [meaning probably a close-reefed topsail] in a high wind. Daniel used to drive very fast. They would come in as if they had started long before day; and it was a sight in a small place to see those two ride in together. I could have told either of them thirty miles among a thousand men."

The same writer says elsewhere of Webster's first law case: "It was a small case and the only one he had. He wanted to get it put by. The lawyer on the other side was opposed to this, and Daniel got up and made a speech that made the little old house ring again. They all said — lawyers, judges, and people — that they never heard such a speech or anything like it. They said he talked like a different creature from any of the rest of them, great or small; and there were men there that were not small."

He describes Webster's appearance thus: "He was a black, raven-haired fellow, with an eye as black as death, and as heavy as a lion's — and no lion in Africa ever had a voice like his; and his look was like a lion's — that same heavy look, not sleepy, but as if he didn't care about anything that was going on about him or anything anywhere else. He didn't look as if he was thinking about anything; but as if he would think like a hurricane if he once got waked up to it. They say that a lion looks so when he is quiet."

It has always seemed to me that all the other descriptions I have ever seen of Webster's personal look and bearing were not to be compared with this. Next to it comes, perhaps, the brief description of him said to have been given by the celebrated author, Thomas Carlyle, who called him "a steam-engine in breeches."

In May, 1813, he took his seat in the United States House of Representatives from the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, district, and so began his public service. From that time to 1841, when he became Secretary of State under President Harrison, there were but few years when he did not hold some position of public importance under the United States government. He was again Secretary of State under President Fillmore, and remained in this position up to the time of his death.

Much of Mr. Webster's later success at the bar and in the Senate was due to his early habits of careful study. In the law case which made his reputation, the "Dartmouth College" case, and in his most famous speech in the Senate (the reply to Mr. Hayne of South Carolina), he used — as he himself said afterward — facts and notes which he had collected long before, on some cases of much less importance, and which he had tucked away in a pigeon-hole, thinking they might yet be useful.

In one instance, however, his preparations for the Dartmouth case did but little to help him. While getting ready for it, he told the President of the college that, as the issue turned partly on the fact that Lord Dartmouth had endowed the institution expressly to teach Indians, they had better, if possible, have an Indian or two among the students. There had been no Indian student there for many years, and the President went at once into Canada, where he found three intelligent young "braves,"

as they were called, who were willing to come with him to Hanover and become students. Leading them to the ferry across the river at that point, he coaxed them on board and began to take them across. When, however, they caught sight of the college buildings on the other side, they grew restless and one of them suddenly gave a war-whoop, upon which all three plunged into the river, swam ashore, and vanished.

Mr. Webster said, on telling the story, "The falling of the walls of Jericho, or the sounding of the ram's horn, could not have astonished Joshua more than this unlooked-for escape of the Indians did the President. He halloed, entreated, and tried to explain all; but the Indians kept straight on their course to the shore and made with all speed for the woods, — the last President Wheelock ever saw or heard of them." So Mr. Webster had to win his case, after all, without the Indians.

Daniel Webster, in the midst of all his public affairs, retained a fondness for farm life. He owned and cultivated many acres, but never would allow them to be called "grounds"; they were a farm only, and he was the farmer. Many of his letters to his head man, John Taylor, have been printed, and show Webster's real knowledge of agriculture, and love of the rural mode of life — especially in regard to cattle, which were, he used to say, much better company than United States senators. He would not allow the shooting of birds on his own ground, but made many expeditions over the more distant marshes in pursuit of them. On these trips he was usually taken for a farm-hand, and he himself used to tell with pleasure that on one occasion he carried two young men across a creek on his back, one after the other, and that they each offered him half a dollar for the service.

There is another story of a boatman who once ferried Webster over Green Harbor River. He refused the proffered payment, but inquired, "This is Daniel Webster, I believe?" When the statesman assented, the boatman asked him if it was really true, as reported, that he could make four or five dollars a day, pleading cases in Boston; and when Mr. Webster admitted that this also was true, his questioner replied, "Well, it seems to me if I could get so much in the city, pleadin' law cases, I wouldn't be a-wadin' over these marshes all day, shootin' little birds."

Webster enjoyed his home life also, as is attested by the letters of his first wife, Mrs. Grace Fletcher Webster, which show their happiness and that of their young children. He had a very large income from his profession, but he was not a good manager, and his expensive habits led him into debts which were more than once paid by his friends and admirers.

Webster died on October 24, 1852. His grave is in a lonely spot, overlooking the town of Marshfield. In the foreground is the quiet river; gently sloping marshes stretch away to left and right; and beyond is the sea, glistening in the sun. The only sounds to be heard about the spot are the ripple of the waves on the beach and the cry of the birds he loved flying over his resting-place.

Je'hu, see 2 Kings ix. 20.

falling of the walls of Jer'i cho, see Joshua vi. 1–20.

Take him for all in all, Webster was not only the greatest orator this country has ever known, but in the history of eloquence his name will stand with those of Demosthenes and Cicero, Chatham and Burke. — HENRY CABOT LODGE.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS ON JULY 4, 1776

DANIEL WEBSTER

On the 2d of August, 1826, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, during his oration upon John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who had died on July 4 of that year, Daniel Webster drew a vivid picture of the debate in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia when the Declaration of American Independence was still pending. He saw John Hancock preside with impressive dignity. He heard the voice of some timid patriot, who shrank from the awful responsibility of the hour. He invoked the spirit of John Adams, through himself, to make reply. The words are those of Webster, and the thought is such as he supposed Adams would have expressed if he had spoken in favor of the Declaration.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we

mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our indepen-

dence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the

streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, — independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

LIBERTY AND UNION

DANIEL WEBSTER

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth," nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart, — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

bel lig'er ent, waging war.
feud, a bitter quarrel; strife.
in ter rog'a tory, a formal question.

ROBIN HOOD

JOHN KEATS

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the downtrodden pall
Of the leaves of many years;
Many times have Winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces
Since men knew nor rents nor leases.

No! the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill,
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Whose lone echo gives the half
To some wight amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold —
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile

To fair hostess Merriment
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone the merry morris din;
Gone the song of Gamelyn;
Gone the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grené shawe"—
All are gone away and past;
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turféd grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze;
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fallen beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her — Strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!
So it is! yet let us sing
Honor to the old bow-string!
Honor to the bugle-horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honor to Maid Marian
And to all the Sherwood clan!

Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try!

mor'ris, the merry dance of Robin Hood's men.
bur'den, the refrain of a song.
Gam'e lyn, a daring king of outlaws and the hero of several poems and tales.
Mar'i an, Robin Hood's sweetheart.
Lin'coln green, Robin Hood's men dressed in green of the shade used by the dyers of the town of Lincoln.
Sher'wood clan, the outlaw followers of Robin Hood in Sherwood forest in Yorkshire.

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821) was an English poet, noted for his keen appreciation of beauty and for his power of fancy.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

LORD BYRON

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

F. W. FARRAR

Westminster Abbey was originally the abbey or church of Westminster, now a district in London. Tradition relates that the first abbey was built on the site of a heathen temple. King Edward the Confessor rebuilt the church, and of his work an archway may be identified. King Edward's building was consecrated in 1065 ; in it William the Conqueror was crowned. Henry III again rebuilt the church, which was again consecrated in 1269. though the building was not completed until 1735. The abbey is the burial-place of thirteen kings of England, as well as of five queens in their own right, and the queens of many of the kings. In the reign of Richard II the practice of burying court favorites and others in the abbey commenced, and the first poet to be laid in the south transept, often called the Poet's Corner, was Geoffrey Chaucer. In the same transept are buried Spenser, Dryden, Garrick, Johnson, Dickens, Browning, Tennyson, and others of note ; and many monuments commemorate poets and literary men buried elsewhere. Nearly all English kings and queens have been crowned here, and since Edward I's reign have used the chair holding under its seat the Stone of Scone.

As you enter the cathedral which enshrines memorials of nine centuries of English history — as you pass under the roof which covers more immortal dust than any other in the whole world — you can hardly fail to feel some sense of awe. And before you begin to study the cathedral in detail, I should advise you to wander through the length and breadth of it without paying any attention to minor points, but with the single object of recognizing its exquisite beauty and magnificence.

You will best understand its magnificence as a place of worship if you visit it on any Sunday afternoon, and see the choir and transepts crowded from end to end by perhaps three thousand people, among whom you will observe

hundreds of young men contented to stand through the whole of a long service and to listen, with no sign of weariness, to a sermon which perhaps occupies an hour in delivery.

These walls have heard Bishop Bonner chanting the mass in his mitre, and Stephen Marshall preaching at the funeral of Pym. Here Roman bishop and Protestant dean, who cursed each other when living, lie side by side in death; and Queen Elizabeth, who burned Papists, and Queen Mary, who burned Protestants, share one quiet grave, as they once bore the same uneasy crown.

In walking through the Abbey, to learn its general aspect, you will be struck by the bewildering multiplicity of tombs. There is not a Valhalla in the world in which repose so many of the great and good. It is this which has made the deepest impression on multitudes of visitors.

There over the western door, with his arm outstretched and his haughty head thrown back, as though in loud and sonorous utterance, he were still pouring forth to the Parliament of England the language of indomitable courage and inflexible resolve, stands William Pitt. History is recording his words of eloquence. Anarchy sits, like a chained giant, at his feet. And within a few yards of this fine monument is the no less interesting memorial of Charles James Fox — of Fox, who opposed Pitt's public funeral; of Fox, whom he once charged with using the language of a man "mad with desperation and disappointment." . . .

There are the monuments to great statesmen, to the naval commanders, to former deans of Westminster, and to the great Indian heroes. It is singular how exceedingly bad many of the epitaphs are, and how, as we approach the eighteenth century, they grow more and more verbose

WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE CHOIR

and futile in exact proportion as the sentiments expressed by the statuary grow more and more irreligious and fantastic. Yet we should always bear in mind that even the worst monument in the Abbey has its historical significance. Its allegories, its ugliness, its obtrusiveness are like tide-marks which indicate the height or the depth to which the taste of the age had risen or sunk.

How deep, for instance, is the significance of the fact, that, as age after age advances, the tombs seem to grow more and more worldly, less and less religious! The tombs of the Plantagenet kings and crusaders represent them lying in death, with the hands clasped in prayer across the breast. But, as time advances, the effigies gradually rise to their knees, then to their feet. Then they deal in stately or impassioned gesticulation, like Pitt and Chatham.

Apart from the monuments, there are, in the nave, several graves and cenotaphs of deep interest. By the west door is the modest marble slab which records how Jeremiah Horrox, though he died as a humble curate at the age of twenty-two, was the first to rectify Kepler's theory of the motion of the moon. He was also the first to observe a transit of Venus, which he succeeded in doing on December 4, 1639, between two of the three religious services for which he was on that day responsible.

There is, close by, the bust of Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay, and the great opponent of the slave-trade. The inscription — written by Sir James Stephen — is well worth reading for the beauty and eloquence of the language. There is the grave of John Hunter, the great anatomist. Close by this is the simple rectangular slab under which Ben Jonson was buried upright, having asked Charles I for eighteen square

inches of ground in Westminster Abbey. On this stone was carved the quaint and striking epitaph, "O rare Ben Jonson," which, only the accidental expression of a passer-by, was afterwards copied upon his bust in "Poets' Corner."

Near the centre of the nave a slab records that the grave beneath was the resting-place, for some months, of George Peabody; and on this slab are carved the words of his early prayer, that, if God prospered him, He would enable him to render some memorial service to his fellow-men. A little farther on, is the grave of Livingstone, which records the last pathetic words found in his diary: "All I can add in my loneliness, is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world — the slave-trade."

There are, however, two monuments to which I must lead you before I conclude. One is the monument to Sir Isaac Newton, close beside whose grave were laid the mortal remains of Charles Darwin. The tomb of Newton is well worth your notice, from its intrinsic beauty, as well as from the fact that it is placed above the last resting-place of one of the greatest of Englishmen. The monument is by Rysbraeck. Over it is a celestial globe, on which is marked the course of the comet of 1680. Leaning on this is the figure of Astronomy, who has closed her book as though, for the time, her labors were over.

The very ingenious bas-relief below expresses in allegory the various spheres of Newton's labors. At the right three lovely little genii are minting money to indicate Newton's service to the currency; near them a boy looking through a prism symbolizes the discoveries of Newton respecting the laws of light; a fifth is weighing the sun

on a steelyard against Mercury, Mars, Venus, the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn, which very strikingly shadows forth the discovery of the laws of gravitation; at the extreme left two other genii reverently tend an aloe, the emblem of immortal fame. Over the bas-relief reclines the fine statue of the great discoverer, whose elbow leans on four volumes of Divinity, Optics, and Astronomy, and Mathematics.

There is one more monument in the nave, at which Americans will look with special interest. It is the tomb of the gallant and ill-fated André. Every American knows how he was arrested in disguise within the American lines, in 1780, and for a moment, lost his presence of mind, and neglected to produce the safe-conduct of the traitor, Benedict Arnold. He was sentenced to be hung as a spy; and in spite of the deep sympathy which his fate excited, even among the Americans, Washington did not think himself justified in relaxing the sentence.

The touching bas-relief represents on one side a British officer, who is carrying a flag of truce and a letter to the tent of General Washington, with the entreaty of André, that, as a soldier, he might be shot and not hung. One of the American officers is weeping. The request was refused; but, as it would have been too painful to represent André's death on the gibbet, the sculptor has represented his youthful and handsome figure standing at the right of the bas-relief, before a platoon of soldiers, as though his petition had in reality been granted.

Val hal'la, in Norse mythology, the realm of the dead.
In'dian, here refers to the English who did heroic deeds in India.
bas (bä) **re lief'**, sculpture in which the figures project less than half their true proportions.
al'oe, an evergreen plant.

Frederic William Farrar (1831–1901) was an English clergyman and author. He was made canon of Westminster Abbey in 1876.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WASHINGTON IRVING

In one of those sober and rather melancholy days in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and, as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the region of antiquity and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster school through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, and pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the Abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man, wandering about their bases, shrinks into insignificance in comparison with his own handwork.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds and the earth with their renown. And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not

satisfy; and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poets' Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the Abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking theme for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the Abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of the cold curiosity or vague admiration, with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

I entered that part of the Abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what were once chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance of some powerful house, renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon tombs, with hands piously pressed together;

THE POETS' CORNER

warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates, with crosiers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

Two small aisles on each side of one of the chapels present a touching instance of the equality of the grave. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day, but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival. A peculiar melancholy reigns over the place where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through the windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, around which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem, the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the Abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir. These paused for a time, and all was hushed. Suddenly, the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord

with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven.

Again, the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn, sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful; it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls; the ear is stunned; the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee, it is rising from earth to heaven; the very soul seems rapt away, and floating upward on this swelling note of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of revery which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire. The shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me; the monuments began to cast a deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock gave token of the slowly waning day. I rose, and retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes. I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already passing into indistinctness and confusion.

par'si mo ny, stinginess; sparingness.
cog'ni zance, recognition.
cro'sier, a staff surmounted by a crook or a cross.
prel'ate, a clergyman of a superior order.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest, with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
Nor check the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

And who but listened — till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim;
The greeting given, the music played,
In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear, and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod, — the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise

For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For Infant in the cradle laid.

Hail ancient Manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

pris'tine, belonging to the earliest period or state.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850) is sometimes called England's nature-poet. He was made poet-laureate in 1843.

OF STUDIES

FRANCIS BACON

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar.

They perfect Nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them; for they teach not

their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. There is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. If a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are "splitters of hairs." If he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

con temn', to despise or scorn. | **con fute'**, to prove false.

FRANCIS BACON (1561–1626) was an English philosopher and statesman. His writings express deep and dignified thought.

WOLSEY'S FAREWELL TO CROMWELL

From "King Henry VIII," Act iii, Scene 2.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught thee:
Say Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, — Prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal

I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Wolsey. Thomas Wolsey was an English statesman and cardinal. He became prime minister to Henry VIII. He opposed the king's divorce, and in 1430 was arrested for treason.

Cromwell. Thomas Cromwell became lord high chancellor in the reign of Henry VIII, but was at length beheaded on a charge of treason.

THE SPANISH ARMADA

DAVID HUME

Vast preparations were now being made by the Spaniards for the invasion of England, and for the entire conquest of that kingdom. Philip, though he had not yet declared war on account of the hostilities which Elizabeth everywhere committed upon him, had long harbored a secret and violent desire of revenge against her. His ambition also, and the hopes of extending his empire, were much encouraged by the present prosperous state of his affairs.

These hopes and motives engaged Philip, notwithstanding his cautious temper, to undertake this hazardous enterprise. During some time he had been secretly making preparations; but as soon as the resolution was fully taken, every part of his vast empire resounded with the noise of armaments, and all his ministers, generals, and admirals were employed in forwarding the design. In all the ports of Sicily, Naples, Spain, and Portugal, artisans were employed in building vessels of uncommon size and force; naval stores were bought at a great expense; provisions amassed; armies levied and quartered in the maritime towns of Spain; and plans laid for fitting out such a fleet and embarkation as had never before had its equal in Europe.

News of these extraordinary preparations soon reached the court of London; and notwithstanding the secrecy of the Spanish council, and their pretending to employ this force in the Indies, it was easily concluded that they meant to make some effort against England. The queen had foreseen the invasion; and finding that she must now contend for her crown with the whole force of Spain, she made preparations for resistance; nor was she dismayed with that power, by which all Europe apprehended she must of necessity be overwhelmed. Her force, indeed, seemed very unequal to resist so potent an enemy. All the sailors in England amounted at that time to about fourteen thousand men. The size of the English shipping was in general so small that, except for a few of the queen's ships of war, there were not four vessels belonging to the merchants which exceeded four hundred tons. The royal navy consisted of only twenty-eight sail, many of which were of small size; none of them exceeded the bulk of our largest frigates, and most of them deserved rather the name of pinnaces than of ships. The only advantage of the English fleet consisted in the dexterity and courage of the seamen, who, being accustomed to sail in tempestuous seas, and expose themselves to all dangers, as much exceeded in this particular the Spanish mariners as their vessels were inferior in size and force to those of that nation.

All the commercial towns of England were required to furnish ships for reënforcing this small navy; and they discovered, on the present occasion, great alacrity in defending their liberty and religion against those imminent perils with which they were menaced. The citizens of London, in order to show their zeal in the common cause, instead of fifteen vessels, which they were commanded to equip, vol-

untarily fitted out double the number. The gentry and nobility hired, and armed, and manned forty-three ships at their own charge; and all the loans of money which the queen demanded were frankly granted by the persons applied to. Lord Howard of Effingham, a man of courage and capacity, was admiral, and took on him the command of the navy; Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, the most renowned seamen in Europe, served under him. The principal fleet was stationed at Plymouth. A smaller squadron, consisting of forty vessels, English and Flemish, commanded by Lord Seymour, lay off Dunkirk, in order to intercept the Duke of Parma.

The Spanish Armada was ready in the beginning of May, 1588; but the moment it was preparing to sail, the Marquis of Santa Croce, the admiral, was seized with a fever, of which he soon after died. The vice-admiral, the Duke of Paliano, by a strange concurrence of accidents, at the very same time suffered the same fate; and the king appointed for admiral the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a nobleman of great family, but inexperienced in action, and entirely unacquainted with sea affairs. This misfortune, besides the loss of so great an officer as Santa Croce, retarded the sailing of the Armada, and gave the English more time for their preparations to oppose them. At last the Spanish fleet, full of hopes and alacrity, set sail from Lisbon; but next day met with a violent tempest, which scattered the ships, sank some of the smallest, and forced the rest to take shelter in the Groine, where they waited till they could be refitted.

When news of this event was carried to England, the queen concluded that the design of an invasion was disappointed for this summer; and being always ready to lay hold on every pretence for saving money, she made

Walsingham write to the admiral, directing him to lay up some of the larger ships, and to discharge the seamen; but Lord Effingham, who was not so sanguine in his hopes, used the freedom to disobey these orders; and he begged leave to retain all the ships in service, though it should be at his own expense. He took advantage of a north wind, and sailed toward the coast of Spain, with an intention of attacking the enemy in their harbors; but the wind changing to the south, he became apprehensive lest they might have set sail, and by passing him at sea, invade England, now exposed by the absence of the fleet. He returned, therefore, with the utmost expedition to Plymouth, and lay at anchor in that harbor.

Meanwhile all the damages of the Armada were repaired, and the Spaniards with fresh hopes set out again to sea. The fleet consisted of a hundred and thirty vessels, of which near a hundred were galleons, and were of greater size than any ever before used in Europe. It carried on board nineteen thousand two hundred and ninety-five soldiers, eight thousand four hundred and fifty-six mariners, two thousand and eighty-eight galley slaves, and two thousand six hundred and thirty great pieces of brass ordnance. It was victualled for six months; and was attended by twenty lesser ships, called caravals, and ten slaves with six oars apiece.

The plan formed by the king of Spain was that the Armada should sail to the coast opposite to Dunkirk and Newport; and having chased away all English or Flemish vessels which might obstruct the passage (for it was never supposed they could make opposition), should join themselves with the Duke of Parma, should thence make sail to the Thames, and having landed the whole Spanish army, thus complete at one blow the entire conquest of England.

In prosecution of this scheme Philip gave orders to the Duke of Medina, that in passing along the channel he should sail as near to the coast of France as he could with safety; that he should by this policy avoid meeting with the English fleet; and, keeping in view the main enterprise, should neglect all smaller successes which might prove an obstacle, or even interpose a delay, to the acquisition of a kingdom.

After the Armada was under sail, they took a fisherman who informed them that the English admiral had been lately at sea, had heard of the tempest which scattered the Armada, had retired back into Plymouth, and no longer expecting an invasion this season, had laid up his ships and discharged most of the seamen. From this false intelligence the Duke of Medina conceived the great facility of attacking and destroying the English ships in harbor; and he was tempted, by the prospect of so decisive an advantage, to break his orders, and make sail directly for Plymouth: a resolution which proved the safety of England.

The Lizard was the first land made by the Armada, about sunset; and as the Spaniards took it for the Ramhead near Plymouth, they bore out to sea with an intention of returning next day and attacking the English navy. They were descried by Fleming, a Scottish pirate, who was roving in those seas, and who immediately set sail to inform the English admiral of their approach: another fortunate event, which contributed extremely to the safety of the fleet. Effingham had just time to get out of port, when he saw the Spanish Armada coming full sail toward him, disposed in the form of a crescent, and stretching the distance of seven miles from the extremity of one division to that of the other.

The writers of that age raise their style by a pompous description of this spectacle, the most magnificent that had ever appeared upon the ocean, infusing equal terror and admiration into the minds of all beholders. The lofty masts, the swelling sails, and the towering prows of the Spanish galleons seem impossible to be justly painted but by assuming the colors of poetry; and an eloquent historian of Italy has asserted that the Armada, though the ships bore every sail, yet advanced with a slow motion, as if the ocean groaned with supporting and the winds were tired with impelling so enormous a weight. The truth, however, is that the largest of the Spanish vessels would scarcely pass for third rates in the present navy of England; yet were they so ill framed, or so ill governed, that they were quite unwieldy, and could not sail upon a wind, nor tack on occasion, nor be managed in stormy weather by the seamen.

Effingham gave orders not to come to close fight with the Spaniards, where the size of the ships, he suspected, and the numbers of the soldiers, would be a disadvantage to the English; but to cannonade them at a distance, and to wait the opportunity, which winds, currents, or various accidents must afford him, of intercepting some scattered vessels of the enemy. Nor was it long before the event answered expectation. A great ship of Biscay, on board which was a considerable part of the Spanish money, took fire by accident; and while all hands were employed in extinguishing the flames, she fell behind the rest of the Armada: the great galleon of Andalusia was detained by the springing of her mast; and both these vessels were taken, after some resistance, by Sir Francis Drake.

As the Armada advanced up the Channel, the English

hung upon its rear and still infested it with skirmishes. Each trial abated the confidence of the Spaniards, and added courage to the English; and the latter soon found that even in close fight the size of the Spanish ships was no advantage to them. Their bulk exposed them the more to the fire of the enemy; while their cannon, placed too high, shot over the heads of the English. The alarm having now reached the coast of England, the nobility and gentry hastened out with their vessels from every harbor and reënforced the admiral. The English fleet, after the conjunction of those ships, amounted to a hundred and forty sail.

The Armada had now reached Calais, and cast anchor before that place, in expectation that the Duke of Parma, who had gotten intelligence of their approach, would put to sea and join his forces to them. The English admiral practised here a successful stratagem upon the Spaniards. He took eight of his smaller ships, and filling them with all combustible materials, sent them, one after another, into the midst of the enemy. The Spaniards fancied that they were fireships of the same contrivance with a famous vessel which had lately done so much execution in the Schelde near Antwerp; and they immediately cut their cables and took to flight with the greatest disorder and precipitation. The English fell upon them next morning while in confusion; and besides doing great damage to other ships, they took or destroyed about twelve of the enemy.

By this time it was become apparent that the intention for which these preparations were made by the Spaniards was entirely frustrated. The vessels provided by the Duke of Parma were made for transporting soldiers, not for fighting; and that general, when urged to leave the

harbor, positively refused to expose his flourishing army to such apparent hazard; while the English not only were able to keep the sea, but seemed even to triumph over their enemy. The Spanish admiral found, in many rencounters, that while he lost so considerable a part of his own navy, he had destroyed only one small vessel of the English; and he foresaw that by continuing so unequal a contest, he must draw inevitable destruction on all the remainder. He prepared, therefore, to return homewards; but as the wind was contrary to his passage through the Channel, he resolved to sail northwards, and, making the tour of the island, reach the Spanish harbors by the ocean.

The English fleet followed him during some time; and had not their ammunition fallen short, by the negligence of the offices in supplying them, they had obliged the whole Armada to surrender at discretion. The Duke of Medina had once taken that resolution, but was diverted from it by the advice of his confessor. This conclusion of the enterprise would have been more glorious to the English; but the event proved almost equally fatal to the Spaniards.

A violent tempest overtook the Armada after it passed the Orkneys: the ships had already lost their anchors, and were obliged to keep to sea: the mariners, unaccustomed to such hardships, and not able to govern such unwieldy vessels, yielded to the fury of the storm, and allowed their ships to drive either on the western isles of Scotland, or on the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked. Not a half of the navy returned to Spain, and the seamen, as well as soldiers who remained, were so overcome with hardships and fatigue, and so dispirited by their discomfiture, that they filled all Spain with accounts of the desperate valor of the English and of the tempestuous violence of the ocean which surrounds them.

Such was the miserable and dishonorable conclusion of an enterprise which had been preparing for three years, which had exhausted the revenue and force of Spain, and which had long filled all Europe with anxiety or expectation.

pin'nace, a small vessel propelled by sails or oars, formerly used as a tender, or for coast defence.
dis cov'er, here used in the sense of disclose.
re ën force', to strengthen with new force or support.
the queen, Queen Elizabeth of England.
Wal'sing ham, a prominent statesman in Elizabeth's reign. He was for some time minister of foreign affairs.
gal'le on, a sailing vessel of the fifteenth and following centuries, often having three or four decks, and used for war or commerce.
ord'nance, heavy weapons of warfare, such as cannon or great guns.
the Liz'ard, Lizard Point, the most southern point of Great Britain.
Cal'ais, a town of France, on the Strait of Dover; pronounced Ka lā'.
ren coun'ter, a meeting; a sudden contest.
Ork'neys, the Orkney Islands, off the north coast of Scotland.
dis com'fi ture, rout, defeat.

David Hume (1711–1776) was an eminent English historian and philosopher. His most celebrated work is his "History of England," from which this selection is taken.

THE OCEAN

LORD BYRON

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
  There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
  By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
  From these our interviews; in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
  To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean — roll!
  Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals —
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war —
These are thy toys; and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow; —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!

arm'a ments, equipments for war; especially the guns of a ship of war.
le vi'a than, a sea-monster.
ar'bit er, one who can rule and decide without restraint.
Traf al gar', the greatest British naval victory in the wars with Napoleon of France. The battle was fought off Cape Trafalgar, on the southern coast of Spain.

George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824), was an English poet of unusual genius. "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" is one of his most famous poems.

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

NORTH'S PLUTARCH[1]

But the chiefest cause that made Cæsar mortally hated, was the covetous desire he had to be called king, which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret enemies honest color, to bear him ill will. . . . At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old times, men say, was the feast of shepherds or herdsmen. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them,) which run through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way, with leathern thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. Cæsar sate to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course.

So when he came into the market-place, the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry and rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar having made

[1] Translated out of the Greek of Plutarch into French by James Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre, and out of French into English by Sir Thomas North, Knight. Shakespeare is said to have taken his material for the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" from this translation, which was published in 1579.

this proof, found that the people did not like it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol.

After that there were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diadems upon their heads like kings. Those the two tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled down, and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. Cæsar was so offended withal, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their tribuneships, and accusing them, he spake also against the people and called them beasts and fools.

Hereupon the people went straight unto Marcus Brutus, who was also nephew and son-in-law of Marcus Cato. Notwithstanding, the great honors and favors Cæsar shewed unto him kept him back that of himself alone he did not conspire nor consent to depose him of his kingdom. For Cæsar did not only save his life after the battle of Pharsalia when Pompey fled, and did at his request save many more of his friends besides: but furthermore, he put a marvellous confidence in him. For he had already preferred him to the prætorship for that year, and furthermore was appointed to be consul the fourth year after that, having through Cæsar's friendship obtained it before Cassius, who likewise made suit for the same: and Cæsar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, "Indeed Cassius hath alleged best reason, but yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus."

Now they that desired change, and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other, they durst not come to him themselves to tell him what they would have him to do, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the prætor's seat, where he gave audience, and the most of them to this effect: "Thou sleepest, Brutus, and art not

Brutus indeed." Cassius, finding Brutus' ambition stirred up the more by these seditious bills, did prick him forward and edge him on the more for a private quarrel he had conceived against Cæsar. Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends: "What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks!" Another time when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again: "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads," quoth he, "I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most," meaning Brutus and Cassius.

Certainly destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Cæsar's death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs, perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo, the philosopher, writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire; and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; when the fire was out it was found he had no hurt.

Cæsar's self also doing sacrifice unto the gods found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart; and that was a strange thing in nature: how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore to take heed of the ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger.

That day being come, Cæsar going unto the senate-house, and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him the ides of March be come: "So they be," softly answered the soothsayer, "but yet are they not passed." And the very day before, Cæsar, supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certain letters as he was wont to do at the board: so talk falling out amongst them, reasoning what death was best, he preventing their opinions, cried out aloud: "Death unlooked for."

Then going to bed the same night, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more when he heard his wife, Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches; for she dreamed that Cæsar was slain. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as, amongst others, Titus Livius, writeth that it was in this sort. The senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house for an ornament, and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Insomuch that Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the senate until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he should search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices to know what should happen to him that day.

Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear or suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any fear and superstition: and then, for that he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterwards, when the soothsayers having sacrificed many beasts one after another,

told him that none did like them; then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the senate.

But in the meantime came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus: he fearing that if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day the conspiracy would out, laughed the soothsayers to scorn, and reproved Cæsar, saying: that he gave the senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things and to proclaim him king of all his provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-wishers say, and how could they like of his friends' words? And who could persuade them otherwise but that they should think his dominion a slavery unto them and tyrannical in himself?

"And yet if it be so," said he, "that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and saluting the senate, to dismiss them till another time." Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand and brought him out of his house.

Cæsar was not gone far from his house, when a bondman, a stranger, did what he could to speak with him: and when he saw he was put back by the great press and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house and put himself into Calpurnia's hands to be kept till Cæsar

came back again, telling her that he had great matters to impart unto him.

And one Artemidorus also born in the isle of Cnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill, written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him and said: "Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight and touch you nearly."

Cæsar took it of him but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him: but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on with all into the senate-house. Howbeit others are of opinion that it was some man else that gave him that memorial, and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way as he went to give it Cæsar, but he was always repulsed by the people.

For these things they may seem to come by chance, but the place where the murder was prepared, and where the senate were assembled, and where also there stood up an image of Pompey, dedicated by himself, amongst other ornaments which he gave unto the theatre — all these were manifest proofs that it was the ordinance of some god that made this treason to be executed specially in that very place. It is also reported that Cassius, beholding the image of Pompey, before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise, he did softly call upon it to aid him: but the instant danger of the present time, taking

away his former reason, did suddenly put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man half beside himself. Now Antonius that was a faithful friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the senate-house, having begun a long tale of set purpose.

So Cæsar coming into the house, all the senate stood up on their feet to do him honor. Then part of Brutus' company and confederates stood round about Cæsar's chair, and part of them also came towards him as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber to call home his brother again from banishment; and thus prosecuting still their suit they followed Cæsar till he was set in his chair. Who denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another because the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him and were the earnester with him, Metellus at length, taking his gown with both his hands, pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca behind him struck him in the neck with his sword; howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal, because it seemed the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him, and take his strength from him that he killed him not at the first blow.

But Cæsar turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword and held it hard, and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, "O vile traitor, Casca, what doest thou?" and Casca in Greek to his brother, "Brother, help me."

At the beginning of this stir they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to fly, neither to help him nor so much as once to make any outcry. They on the other side that had conspired his death compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

J. L. Gerôme

that Cæsar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound because all their parts should be in this murder.

Men report also that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body: but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand then he pulled his gown over his head and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually or purposely by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of gore-blood till he was slain. Thus it seemed that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy being thrown down on the ground at his feet and yielding up the ghost there for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported that he had three and twenty wounds upon his body; and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves striking one body with so many blows.

When Cæsar was slain, the senate (though Brutus stood in the midst amongst them as though he would have said somewhat touching this fact) presently ran out of the house, and flying, filled all the city with marvellous fear and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut to the doors, others forsook their shops and ware-houses, and others ran to the place to see what the matter was, and others also that had seen it ran home to their houses again. But Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Cæsar's chiefest friends, secretly conveying themselves away, fled into other men's houses and forsook their own.

Brutus and his confederates, on the other side, being yet hot with this murder they had committed, having their

swords drawn in their hands, came all in a troop together out of the senate and went into the market-place, not as men that made countenance to fly, but otherwise, boldly holding up their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their liberty and stayed to speak with every great personage whom they met in their way. Of them some followed this troop and went amongst them as if they had been of the conspiracy, and falsely challenged part of the honor with them.

The next morning Brutus and his confederates came into the market-place to speak unto the people, who gave them such audience that it seemed they neither greatly reproved nor allowed the fact: for by their great silence they showed that they were sorry for Cæsar's death, and also that they did reverence to Brutus. Now the senate granted general pardon for all that was past, and to pacify every man ordained besides that Cæsar's funeral should be honored as a god, and established all things that he had done, and gave certain provinces also and convenient honors unto Brutus and his confederates, whereby every man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietness again.

But when they had opened Cæsar's testament and found a liberal legacy of money bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome, and when they saw his body (which was brought into the market-place) all bemangled with gashes of swords, then there was no order to keep the multitude and common people quiet, but they plucked up forms, tables, and stools, and laid them all about the body, and setting them afire, burnt the corpse. Then when the fire was well kindled they took the fire-brands and went unto their houses that had slain Cæsar, to set them afire. Others also ran up and down the city to see if they could meet

with any of them to cut them in pieces: howbeit they could meet with never a man of them because they had locked themselves up safely in their houses.

Cæsar died at six and fifty years of age, and Pompey also lived not passing four years more than he. So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion which he had so vehemently desired all his life, and pursued with such extreme danger, but a vain name only and a superficial glory that procured him the envy and hatred of his country. But his great prosperity and good fortune that favored him all his lifetime did continue afterwards in the revenge of his death pursuing the murderers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed of all them that were actors or counsellors in the conspiracy of his death.

Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other is most to be wondered at: for he, being overcome in battle at the journey of Philippi, slew himself with the same sword with which he struck Cæsar.

After that time, Brutus, being in battle near unto the city of Philippi, against Antonius and Octavius Cæsar, at the first battle he won the victory, and overthrowing all them that withstood him, he drave them unto young Cæsar's camp, which he took. The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing that he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting, could not be slain. So seeing his men put to flight and overthrown he ran unto a little rock not far off, and there setting his sword's point to his breast, fell upon it and slew himself; but yet, as it is reported, with the help of his friend that despatched him.

Lu per ca'li a, one of the most ancient of the Roman festivals, celebrated every year in the middle of February.

trib'une, a Roman officer, chosen by the people to defend their liberties against the senate or the consuls, if need be.

Pom'pey, Pompey and Cæsar were formerly friends and joint rulers in Rome. But they became rivals for the supreme power, and took arms against each other. In the battle of Pharsalia, 48 B.C., Cæsar's forces totally defeated Pompey's army.

Phar sa'li a, a district of ancient Greece.

præ'tor ship, there were two Roman prætors, one of whom tried cases between Roman citizens, and the other, cases between strangers, or between strangers and citizens.

Cni'dos, an ancient city of Asia Minor, built partly on the mainland and partly on an island.

Phil ip'pi, a city in Macedonia. In the battle of Philippi, Antonius and Octavius — Julius Cæsar's nephew and heir — defeated Brutus and Cassius.

SCENES FROM JULIUS CÆSAR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ACT III. SCENE II. *The Forum*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reason shall be render'd
Of Cæsar's death.

First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rend'red.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: — Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, — that, as I

slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Citizen. Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen —

Second Citizen. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*

Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans —

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cri'd, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament, —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Antony. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Citizens. Come down.

Second Citizen. Descend.

Third Citizen. You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down.*

Fourth Citizen. A ring; stand round.

First Citizen. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Second Citizen. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Citizens. Stand back; room; bear back.

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen. O woful day!

Fourth Citizen. O traitors, villains!

First Citizen. O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen. We will be reveng'd.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me; but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will. Let's stay and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen. O royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Citizen. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

The Forum, the Forum was the political centre of ancient Rome. It was surrounded by public buildings used for religious or state purposes. It had several platforms (rostra) from which public speeches were made.
lovers, friends.
in terred', buried.
be hold'ing, beholden; under obligation.
a bide', to answer for; to suffer for.
nap'kins, handkerchiefs.
Ner'vi i, a fierce people of Gaul, greatly feared by the Romans. Cæsar thoroughly subdued them.
dint, touch.
drach'ma, a Greek coin, worth about eighteen cents.
ex'e unt is a Latin word meaning "(they) go out."

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues: — So to live is heaven.

— GEORGE ELIOT.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

THOMAS GRAY

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense, kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the churchway path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agéd thorn."

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear:
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

el'e gy, a poem of mourning.
glebe, the soil.
storied urn, the funeral urn bearing the story of the life of the great man who has died, or reminding us of that life.
an'i ma ted, here, resembling life.
preg'nant, full; abounding.
waked to ecstasy the living lyre, *i.e.* been a great musician or song-writer.
Pen'u ry, extreme poverty; here spoken of as a person.
Hamp'den, John Hampden resisted the collection of an old bygone tax which King Charles I tried to revive without authority from Parliament.
Cromwell, Oliver Cromwell, leader or the Independents in England in the seventeenth century, and controller of the government when Charles I was dethroned and the Commonwealth was established for a time in place of the kingdom.
cir cum scribed', confined; enclosed.
in gen'u ous, noble; honorable.
heap the shrine . . . flame, *i.e.* they did not, like many writers of Gray's time, flatter the rich and powerful by writing verses to them.
Muse, poetry.

THOMAS GRAY (1716–1771) was an English poet of high rank. His writings are not numerous, but they are all of a superior quality. Probably no poem has been more deeply and widely admired than this "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The poet-laureateship of England was offered to Gray, but he declined it.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson was the son of a Boston clergyman, and was born in that city May 25, 1803. It was the custom a hundred years ago to send children to school at a very early age. This Boston boy was sent to a dame-school, as it was called, before he was three years old. He was not much older than this when his father began to require him to recite a sentence of English grammar every day at breakfast. His father expected a great deal from him, and apparently was not entirely satisfied with his son's progress, for he wrote in his journal a week before the child's third birthday, "Ralph does not read very well." At the present time a child is not expected to read very well when he is barely three years old.

When Ralph was about ten years old, his father died, and the family shortly after removed to Concord, to make their home with a relative. People still living in Concord tell of the time when the men in the village grocery used to set the little boy upon a sugar barrel and call upon him to recite poems like Campbell's "Glenara," or verses from Milton's "Paradise Lost." When he had grown up, he looked so dignified in the lecture desk that it was hard to think of him as ever having been a little boy repeating poetry from the top of a barrel in a village grocer's shop. But those who have seen him in his own house, as I have, playing with a baby grandchild whom he held on his knee, believe that there was always something young and child-like in his heart.

Emerson lived in Concord a large part of his life, and he was greatly beloved by the townspeople. He was

deeply interested in the schools, to which he sent his own children. He was particularly careful that his children should pronounce well, and read aloud clearly. Their compositions, too, were a matter of great interest to him. He lived a quiet and rather secluded life at home, but he liked to observe all the odd people in Concord, particularly those least like himself.

He was always ready to attend the old-fashioned "musters," or outdoor meetings of the militia companies. "The Cornwallis," so familiar and dear to the hearts of New England boys of his day, never failed to interest him. In the Cornwallis, the soldiers represented by their manœuvres the surrender of the British army under General Cornwallis to the American army under General Washington. Mr. Emerson used also to attend the exhibitions given by some of the great horse-trainers, like Rarey. He enjoyed meeting people who were not students or writers, like himself, but who could accomplish things worth doing in lines of work with which he was not acquainted. He wrote once in his journal, "I like people who can do things."

For a time Mr. Emerson was a clergyman, as his ancestors had been for five generations; but he retired early from the pulpit and devoted his time to lecturing and writing. As a writer and as a lecturer he had great influence over the public mind. His best known books are two volumes of essays, one on "Representative Men," and the other on "English Traits," written after his last visit to England.

More widely read than either of these, perhaps, is his volume of poems, appealing as they do to the noblest human aims and highest human thoughts, and yet rarely reaching into the highest grace and musical quality. Yet

both grace and music are certainly evident in such a verse as this, from "Woodnotes":

> "Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
> Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
> But it carves the bow of beauty there,
> And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

Another of his finest poems is that known as "The Snow-Storm," probably the most perfect description ever given of this familiar spectacle.

As a lecturer Emerson had an impressive voice and presence. He was very independent in his views, and he had so great skill in expressing important truths in a simple way that those of his hearers who did not at first agree with him were almost invariably influenced at last by his words. A celebrated English preacher, Dean Stanley, wrote, "I have heard thirty or forty of the most eminent American preachers of all denominations and my impression is that all their sermons were written by Emerson" — meaning that they were all influenced strongly by Emerson.

James Russell Lowell once said that all the young men who fell in our great Civil War owed their moral courage more to Emerson than to any other one person. It is still more interesting to know that one of the greatest and most successful of our public men and one of the most prosperous of American business men also, Vice-President Levi P. Morton, said that all his success in life was founded on one passage from Emerson's writings — a passage which pointed out the fact that anything really worth selling is sure to find a purchaser at last.

No more striking evidence of Emerson's widespread and lasting influence could be desired than that furnished

when the "Hall of Fame" was established in New York a few years ago. One hundred electors, as they were called, selected by vote the great Americans who should be represented, by statues or otherwise, in this Hall of Fame. Emerson came eighth among those finally chosen, standing higher upon the list than any other literary man. Washington had ninety-seven votes, Lincoln and Webster ninety-six each, Benjamin Franklin ninety-four, General Grant ninety-three, Chief Justice Marshall and Thomas Jefferson ninety-one each, and Emerson had eighty-seven. Every other author, every other poet, every great inventor, preacher, merchant, or scientist remained below him on the list. This estimate represents very well the judgment of people to-day concerning our most eminent men.

But as for Emerson himself, his courage and independence, his simplicity and manliness, his uniform kindness and sympathy toward all who needed his aid, were of more value than all that the world calls success. And in these qualities no nation could exhibit any son of hers who surpassed Emerson. He died at Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882.

I can never help applying to Emerson what Ben Jonson said of Bacon: "There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own grace. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke." — JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FARMING

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The glory of the farmer is that, in the division of labor, it is his part to create. All trade rests at last on his primitive activity. He stands close to nature; he obtains from the earth the bread and the meat. The food which was not, he causes to be. The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land.

Men do not like hard work, but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and a feeling that this is the original calling of his race — that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstance which made him delegate it for a time to other hands. If he have not some skill which recommends him to the farmer, some product for which the farmer will give him corn, he must himself return into his due place among the planters. And the profession has in all eyes its ancient charm, as standing nearest to God, the first cause.

Then the beauty of Nature, the tranquillity and innocence of the countryman, his independence, and his pleasing arts — the care of bees, of poultry, of sheep, of cows, the dairy, the care of hay, of fruits, of orchards and forests, and the reaction of these on the workman, in giving him a strength and plain dignity, like the face and manners of Nature — all men acknowledge. All men keep the farm in reserve as an asylum where, in case of mischance, to hide their poverty — or a solitude, if they do not succeed in society.

And who knows how many glances of remorse are turned this way from the bankrupts of trade, from morti-

fied pleaders in courts and senates, or from the victims of idleness and pleasure? Poisoned by town life and town vices, the sufferer resolves, "Well, my children, whom I have injured, shall go back to the land, to be recruited and cured by that which should have been their nursery, and now shall be their hospital."

The farmer's office is precise and important, but you must not try to paint him in rose-color; you cannot make pretty compliments to fate and gravitation, whose minister he is. He represents the necessities. It is the beauty of the great economy of the world that makes his comeliness. He bends to the order of the seasons, the weather, the soils, and crops, as the sails of a ship bend to the wind. He represents continuous hard labor, year in, year out, and small gains. He is a slow person, timed to Nature, and not to city watches. He takes the place of seasons, plants, and chemistry.

Nature never hurries; atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her work. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting, or planting, is the manners of Nature — patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, bad weather, excess or lack of water, patience with the slowness of our feet, with the parsimony of our strength, and with the largeness of sea and land we must traverse. The farmer times himself to Nature, and acquires that lifelong patience which belongs to her.

The farmer is a hoarded capital of health, as the farm is the capital of wealth; and it is from him that the health and power, moral and intellectual, of the cities come. The city is always recruited from the country. The men in cities who are the centres of energy, the driving-wheels of trade, politics, or practical arts, and the women of beauty and genius, are the children or grand-

children of farmers, and are spending the energies which their fathers' hardy, silent life accumulated in frosty furrows, in poverty, necessity, and darkness.

The farmer is a continuous benefactor. He who digs a well, constructs a stone fountain, plants a grove of trees by the roadside, plants an orchard, builds a durable house, reclaims a swamp, or so much as puts a stone seat by the wayside, makes the land so far desirable, makes a fortune which he cannot carry away with him, but which is useful to his country long afterwards. The man that works at home helps society at large with somewhat more of certainty than he who devotes himself to charities.

We cannot enumerate the incidents and agents of the farm without reverting to their influence on the farmer. He carries out the cumulative preparation of means to their last effect. This crust of soil which ages have refined he refines again for the feeding of a civil and instructed people. The great elements with which he deals cannot leave him unaffected, or unconscious of his ministry; but their influence somewhat resembles that which the same Nature has on the child — of subduing and silencing him.

We see the farmer with pleasure and respect when we think what powers and utilities are so meekly worn. He knows every secret of labor; he changes the face of the landscape. Put him on a new planet, and he would know where to begin; yet there is no arrogance in his bearing, but a perfect gentleness. The farmer stands well on the world. Plain in manners as in dress, he would not shine in palaces; he is absolutely unknown and inadmissible therein; living or dying, he never shall be heard of in them: yet the drawing-room heroes put down beside him would shrivel in his presence — he, solid and unex-

pressive; they, expressed to gold-leaf. But he stands well on the world — as Adam did, as an Indian does, as Homer's heroes, Agamemnon, or Achilles do. He is a person whom a poet of any clime would appreciate as being really a piece of the old Nature, comparable to sun and moon, rainbow and flood; because he is, as all natural persons are, representative of Nature as much as these.

re cruit', to renew the health, spirits, or strength of; to supply with new men.
cu'mu la tive, increasing the mass, weight, number, or amount of things.
A ga mem'non, the leader of the Greek expedition against Troy.

CONCORD HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

BEHAVIOR

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THERE is always a best way of doing everything, if it be but to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each, once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.

The power of manners is incessant — an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force, that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess.

We talk much of utilities, but 'tis our manners that associate us. In hours of business, we go to him who knows, or has, or does this or that which we want, and we do not let our taste or feeling stand in the way. But this activity over, we return to the indolent state, and wish for those we can be at ease with; those who will go where we go, whose manners do not offend us, whose social tone chimes with ours. When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force; how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how, in all clubs, manners make the members;

how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that, for the most part, his manners marry him, and for the most part, he marries manners; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey; and what divination is required in us for the reading of this fine telegraph — we see what range the subject has and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty.

Manners are partly factitious, but mainly, there must be capacity for culture in the blood. Else all culture is vain. The obstinate prejudice in favor of blood, which lies at the base of the feudal and monarchical fabrics of the Old World, has some reason in common experience. Every man — mathematician, artist, soldier, or merchant — looks with confidence for some traits and talents in his own child, which he would not dare to presume in the child of a stranger. The Orientalists are very orthodox on this point. "Take a thorn bush," said the emir Abdel-Kader, "and sprinkle it for a whole year with water; it will yield nothing but thorns. Take a date tree, leave it without culture, and it will always produce dates. Nobility is the date tree, and the Arab populace is a bush of thorns."

Palaces interest us mainly in the exhibition of manners, which in the idle and expensive society dwelling in them are raised to a high art. The maxim of courts is that manner is power. A calm and resolute bearing, a polished speech, an embellishment of trifles, and the art of hiding all uncomfortable feeling, are essential to the courtier. Thus, it is a point of pride with kings to remember faces and names. It is reported of one prince, that his head had the air of leaning downward, in order not to humble the crowd. There are people who come in ever like a child with a piece of good news.

Fine manners need the support of fine manners in others. A scholar may be a well-bred man, or he may not. The enthusiast is introduced to polished scholars in society, and is chilled and silenced by finding himself not in their element. They all have somewhat which he has not, and, it seems, ought to have. But if he finds the scholar apart from his companions, it is then the enthusiast's turn, and the scholar has no defence, but must deal on his terms. Now they must fight the battle out on their private strength. What is the talent of that character so common — the successful man of the world — in all marts, senates, and drawing-rooms? Manners — manners of power; sense to see his advantage and manners up to it. See him approach his man. He knows that troops behave as they are handled at first — that is his cheap secret; just what happens to every two persons who meet on any affair, one instantly perceives that he has the key of the situation, that his will comprehends the other's will, as the cat does the mouse, and he has only to use courtesy, and furnish good-natured reasons to his victim to cover up the chain, lest he be shamed into resistance.

Look on this woman. There is not beauty, nor brilliant sayings, nor distinguished power to serve you; but all see her gladly; her whole air and impression are healthful. Here are the sweet, following eyes of Cecile; it seemed always that she demanded the heart. Nothing can be more excellent in kind than the Corinthian grace of Gertrude's manners, and yet Blanche, who has no manners, has better manners than she; for the movements of Blanche are the sallies of a spirit which is sufficient for the moment, and she can afford to express every thought by instant action.

Manners have been somewhat cynically defined to be a

contrivance of wise men to keep fools at a distance. Fashion is shrewd to detect those who do not belong to her train, and seldom wastes her attentions. Society is very swift in its instincts, and if you do not belong to it, resists and sneers at you or quietly drops you. The first weapon enrages the party attacked; the second is still more effective, but is not to be resisted, as the date of the transaction is not easily found. People grow up and grow old under this infliction, and never suspect the truth, ascribing the solitude which acts on them very injuriously to any cause but the right one.

The basis of good manners is self-reliance. Necessity is the law of all who are not self-possessed. Those who are not self-possessed obtrude and pain us. Some men appear to feel that they belong to a Pariah caste. They fear to offend, they bend and apologize, and walk through life with a timid step.

In persons of character we do not remark manners because of their instantaneousness. We are surprised by the thing done, out of all power to watch the way of it. Yet nothing is more charming than to recognize the great style which runs through the action of such. People masquerade before us in their fortunes, titles, offices, and connections, as academic or civic presidents, or senators, or professors, or great lawyers, and impose on the frivolous, and a good deal on each other, by these names. At least, it is a point of prudent good manners to treat these reputations tenderly, as if they were merited. But the sad realist knows these fellows at a glance, and they know him.

Manners impress as they indicate real power. A man who is sure of his point carries a broad and contented expression which everybody reads. And you cannot rightly train one to an air and manner except by making

him the kind of man of whom that manner is the natural expression. Nature forever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love. A man inspires affection and honor because he was not lying in wait for these. The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold. A little integrity is better than any career.

So deep are the sources of this surface-action that even the size of your companion seems to vary with his freedom of thought. Not only is he larger, when at ease, and his thoughts generous, but everything around him becomes variable with expression. No carpenter's rule, no rod and chain, will measure the dimensions of any house or house-lot. Go into the house: if the proprietor is constrained and deferring, 'tis of no importance how large his house, how beautiful his grounds, you quickly come to the end of all; but if the man is self-possessed, happy, and at home, his house is deep-founded, indefinitely large and interesting, the roof and dome buoyant as the sky. Under the humblest roof the commonest person in plain clothes sits there massive, cheerful, yet formidable, like the Egyptian colossi.

Men take each other's measure when they meet for the first time — and every time they meet. How do they get this rapid knowledge, even before they speak, of each other's power and dispositions? One would say that the persuasion of their speech is not in what they say — or, that men do not convince by their argument — but by their personality, by who they are, and what they said and did heretofore. A man already strong is listened to, and everything he says is applauded. Another opposes him with sound argument, but the argument is scouted, until by and

by it gets into the mind of some weighty person; then it begins to tell on the community.

Society is the stage on which manners are shown; novels are their literature. Novels are the journal or record of manners; and the new importance of these books derives from the fact that the novelist begins to penetrate the surface and treat this part of life more worthily. The novels used to be all alike, and had a quite vulgar tone. The novels used to lead us on to a foolish interest in the fortunes of the boy and girl they described. The boy was to be raised from a humble to a high position. He was in want of a wife and a castle, and the object of the story was to supply him with one or both. We watched sympathetically, step by step, his climbing, until at last the point is gained, the wedding-day is fixed, and we follow the gala procession home to the bannered portal, when the doors are slammed in our face, and the poor reader is left outside in the cold, not enriched by so much as an idea or a virtuous impulse.

But the victories of character are instant and victories for all. Its greatness enlarges all. We are fortified by every heroic anecdote. The novels are as useful as Bibles if they teach you the secret that the best of life is conversation and the greatest success is confidence or a perfect understanding between sincere people. The highest compact we can make with our fellow is, "Let there be truth between us two for evermore." That is the charm in all good novels, as it is the charm in all good histories, that the heroes mutually understand, from the first, and deal loyally and with a profound trust in each other.

In all the superior people I have met, I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away. What have they to

conceal? What have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons there is always a quick intelligence; they recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, namely, on sincerity and uprightness. For, it is not what talents or genius a man has, but how he is to his talents, that constitutes friendship and character. The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also.

I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty; that give the like exhilaration, and refine us like that; and in memorable experiences, they are suddenly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, the acquaintance with real beauty. They must always show self-control: you shall not be facile, apologetic, or leaky, but king over your word; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest. Then they must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. 'Tis good to give a stranger a meal or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion. We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.

e mir', a chief of a tribe.
mart, a market.
Cor in'thi an grace, grace of body rather than of mind or soul. (The people of the ancient city of Corinth, in Greece, placed great emphasis on physical beauty.)
cyn'i cal ly, in a bitter or sneering way.
Pa'ri ah, a low caste, or class among the Hindus, shunned by the others as unclean.
in stan ta'ne ous ness, the character of being instantaneous, that is, done or produced in an instant.
mas quer ade', to disguise one's self; to live under false pretences.
co los'si, gigantic statues. The remains of several of these huge stone figures have been found in Egypt.
scout, to reject scornfully.
ga'la, showing merriment or festivity.
mal form a'tion, faulty formation.

OF TRAVEL

FRANCIS BACON

TRAVEL, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor, or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before; whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go; what acquaintances they are to seek; what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little.

It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are, the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbors; antiquities and ruins; libraries; colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories; arsenals; magazines; exchanges; burses; warehouses; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treas-

uries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go. After all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected.

If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do. First as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card or book describing the country where he travelleth; which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary.

Let him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long. Nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another; which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favor in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit.

As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel; that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors: for so in travelling in one country he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad, that he may be able

to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided. They are commonly for place and words. And let a man beware how he keepeth company with choleric and quarrelsome persons; for they will engage him into their own quarrels.

When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers, than forward to tell stories. Let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.

sort, class of people.
hood'ed, that is, having their eyes covered.
con sis'to ry, a solemn assembly or council.
ec cle si as'tic, relating to the church.
ex'tant, still existing.
dis pu ta'tion, discussion.
burse, a place of exchange for merchants or bankers.
ad'a mant, a magnet; or that which attracts.
se ques'ter, to separate, withdraw.

CHANGEFUL LIFE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! we are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

ARGUMENT. — How a ship, having passed the Line, was driven by storms to the cold country towards the south pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical latitude of the great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancient Mariner came back to his own country.

PART I

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spellbound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three."

After J. Noel Paton

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon —"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship driven by a storm toward the south pole.

"And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along. . . .

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men, nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit,
The helmsman steer'd us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmer'd the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so?" — With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

PART II

THE Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

THERE pass'd a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it near'd and near'd:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslacked, with black lips baked
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

After J. Noel Paton

"Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun.

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Like vessel, like crew!

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the Moon.

We listen'd and look'd sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,

My life-blood seem'd to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropp'd down one by one.

His shipmates drop down dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly, —
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it pass'd me by,
Like the whizz of my crossbow.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

PART IV

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea sand.

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him;

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown." —
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I. . . .

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet. . . .

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to break.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd,
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew;
And when I awoke, it rain'd.

By the grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere. . . .

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
And the Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on;

The loud wind never reach'd the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

For when it dawn'd — they dropp'd their arms,
And cluster'd round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mix'd, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sail'd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome Spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fix'd her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd

I heard, and in my soul discern'd
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

PART VI

* * * * * *

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high,
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes and his penance begins anew.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I view'd the ocean green,
And look'd far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen —

The cure is finally expiated.

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,

And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sail'd softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

And appear in their own forms of light.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

The Hermit of the Wood,

THIS Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said —
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warp'd! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;

When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young." . . .

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the Pilot shriek'd
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.

"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit cross'd his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:

And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me.
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

eft soons', at once; speedily.
kirk, the Scottish word for church.
ken, know.
swound, an old form of the word *swoon*, a faint.
al'ba tross, the largest of sea birds, often seen very far from land.
Gra mer'cy, a word formerly used to express thankfulness.
an at'o my, here, a skeleton.
char'nel, a charnel house is a place for depositing dead bodies.
clomb, old form for *climbed*.
neth'er, lower; under.
star-dogged, followed by a star.
be-mocked', the same as *mocked*.
sheen, bright; shining.
rood, the cross.
trow, think.
tod, a bushy clump.

A MANLY LIFE

GEORGE ELIOT

This extract is from a speech that Felix Holt is supposed to have delivered in 1833 to the working-men of Treby Magna in England.

"In my opinion, that was a true word spoken by your friend when he said the great question was how to give every man a man's share in life. But I think he expects voting to do more toward it than I do. I want the working-men to have power. I'm a working-man myself, and I don't want to be anything else. But there are two sorts of power. There's a power to do mischief — to undo what has been done with great expense and labor, to waste and destroy, to be cruel to the weak, to lie and quarrel, and to talk poisonous nonsense.

"That's the sort of power that ignorant numbers have. It never made a joint-stool or planted a potato. Do you think it's likely to do much toward governing a great coun-

try, and making wise laws, and giving shelter, food, and clothes to millions of men? Ignorant power comes in the end to the same thing as wicked power; it makes misery. It's another sort of power that I want us working-men to have, and I can see plainly enough that our all having votes will do little toward it at present. I hope we, or the children that come after us, will get plenty of political power sometime. I tell everybody plainly, I hope there will be great changes, and that sometime, whether we live to see it or not, men will have come to be ashamed of things they are proud of now.

"But I should like to convince you that votes would never give you political power worth having while things are as they are now; and that if you go the right way to work, you may get power sooner without votes. Perhaps all you who hear me are sober men who try to learn as much of the nature of things as you can, and to be as little like fools as possible. A fool or idiot is one who expects things to happen that never can happen; he pours milk into a can without a bottom and expects the milk to stay there. The more of such vain expectations a man has, the more he is of a fool or idiot.' And if any working-man expects a vote to do for him what it never can do, he's foolish to that amount, if no more.

"The way to get rid of folly is to get rid of vain expectations, and of thoughts that don't agree with the nature of things. The men who have had true thoughts about water, and what it will do when it is turned into steam, and under all sorts of circumstances, have made themselves a great power in the world: they are turning the wheels of engines that will help to change most things. But no engines would have done, if there had been false notions about the way water would act.

"Now, all the schemes about voting, and districts, and annual parliaments, and the rest, are engines, and the water or steam — the force that is to work them — must come out of human nature — out of men's passions, feelings, desires. Whether the engines will do good work or bad depends on these feelings; and if we have false expectations about men's characters, we are very much like the idiot who thinks he'll carry milk in a can without a bottom. In my opinion, the notions about what mere voting will do are very much of that sort."

"That's very fine," said a man, in dirty fustian, with a scornful laugh. "But how are we to get the power without votes?"

"I'll tell you what's the greatest power under heaven," said Felix, "and that is public opinion, the ruling belief in society about what is right and what is wrong, what is honorable and what is shameful. That's the steam that is to work the engines. How can political freedom make us better, any more than a religion we don't believe in, if people laugh and wink when they see men abuse and defile it? And while public opinion is what it is — while men have no better beliefs about public duty — while corruption is not felt to be a disgrace — while men are not ashamed in parliament and out of it to make public questions which concern the welfare of millions a mere screen for their own petty private ends — I say, no fresh scheme of voting will much mend our condition.

"For, take us working-men of all sorts. Suppose out of every hundred who had a vote there were thirty who had some soberness, some sense to choose with, some good feeling to make them wish the right thing for all. And suppose there were seventy out of the hundred who were, half of them, not sober, who had no sense to choose one thing

in politics more than another, and who had so little good feeling in them that they wasted on their own drinking the money that should have helped to feed and clothe their wives and children; and another half of them who, if they didn't drink, were too ignorant or mean or stupid to see any good for themselves better than pocketing a five-shilling piece when it was offered them.

"Where would be the political power of the thirty sober men? The power would lie with the seventy drunken and stupid votes; and I'll tell you what sort of men would get the power — what sort of men would end by returning whom they pleased to parliament. They would be men who would undertake to do the business for a candidate, and return him; men who have no real opinions, but who pilfer the words of every opinion, and turn them into a cant which will serve their purpose at the moment; men who look out for dirty work to make their fortunes by, because dirty work wants little talent and no conscience; men who know all the ins and outs of bribery, because there is not a cranny in their own souls where a bribe cannot enter.

"Such men as these will be the masters wherever there's a majority of voters who care more for money, more for drink, more for some mean little end which is their own and nobody else's, than for anything that has ever been called Right in the world."

fus'tian, a coarse twilled cloth.

cant, insincere talk on religious or other serious matters.

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

TRUE GLORY

JOHN MILTON

They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and, in field, great battles win,
Great cities, by assault. What do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighboring or remote?
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those, their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin, wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipped with temples, priest, and sacrifice.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may, by means far different, be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence:
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance.
Who names not now, with honor, patient Job?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught, and suffered, for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death, unjust, lives now,
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.

Friendship. — Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man in the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend who is an animal, that is never caught nor tamed but by kindness and pleasure. — Socrates.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

ROBERT BURNS

I LANG[1] hae[2] thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae ither[3] end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang,[4]
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,[5]
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the warld fu' soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco[6] squad,
And muckle[7] they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a'[8] your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say men are villains a';
The real, hardened wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked[9];
But, och! mankind are unco[6] weak,
And little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted.

[1] *lang*, long.
[2] *hae*, have.
[3] *nae ither*, no other.
[4] *gang*, go.
[5] *sang*, song.
[6] *unco*, strange *or* very.
[7] *muckle*, much.
[8] *a'*, all.
[9] *restricked*, restricted.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
  Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
  They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
  Tho' poortith[1] hourly stare him;
A man may tak' a neebor's[2] part,
  Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
  When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel'
  Ye scarcely tell to ony;
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
  Frae critical dissection,
But keek[3] thro' every other man
  Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
  Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear[4] by ev'ry wile
  That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
  Not for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
  Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
  To haud[5] the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
  Let that ay be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause,

[1] *poortith*, poverty.
[2] *neebor*, neighbor.
[3] *keek*, look.
[4] *gear*, wealth; goods.
[5] *haud*, hold.

Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist's[1] laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie[2] a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest driven,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear, amiable youth,
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, and truth
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may you better reck the rede[3]
Than ever did th' adviser!

ROBERT BURNS, one of the greatest of Scottish poets, was born in Ayrshire in 1759. His life was far from being commendable. Had he

[1] *atheist*, one who denies that there is a God.

[2] *gie*, to give.

[3] *reck the rede*, heed the counsel.

bent his energies to the purpose, he might have become eminent in almost any calling. Dissipation marred his work and shortened his life. He died in 1796. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is regarded by many as one of his very best poems.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

THOMAS H. HUXLEY

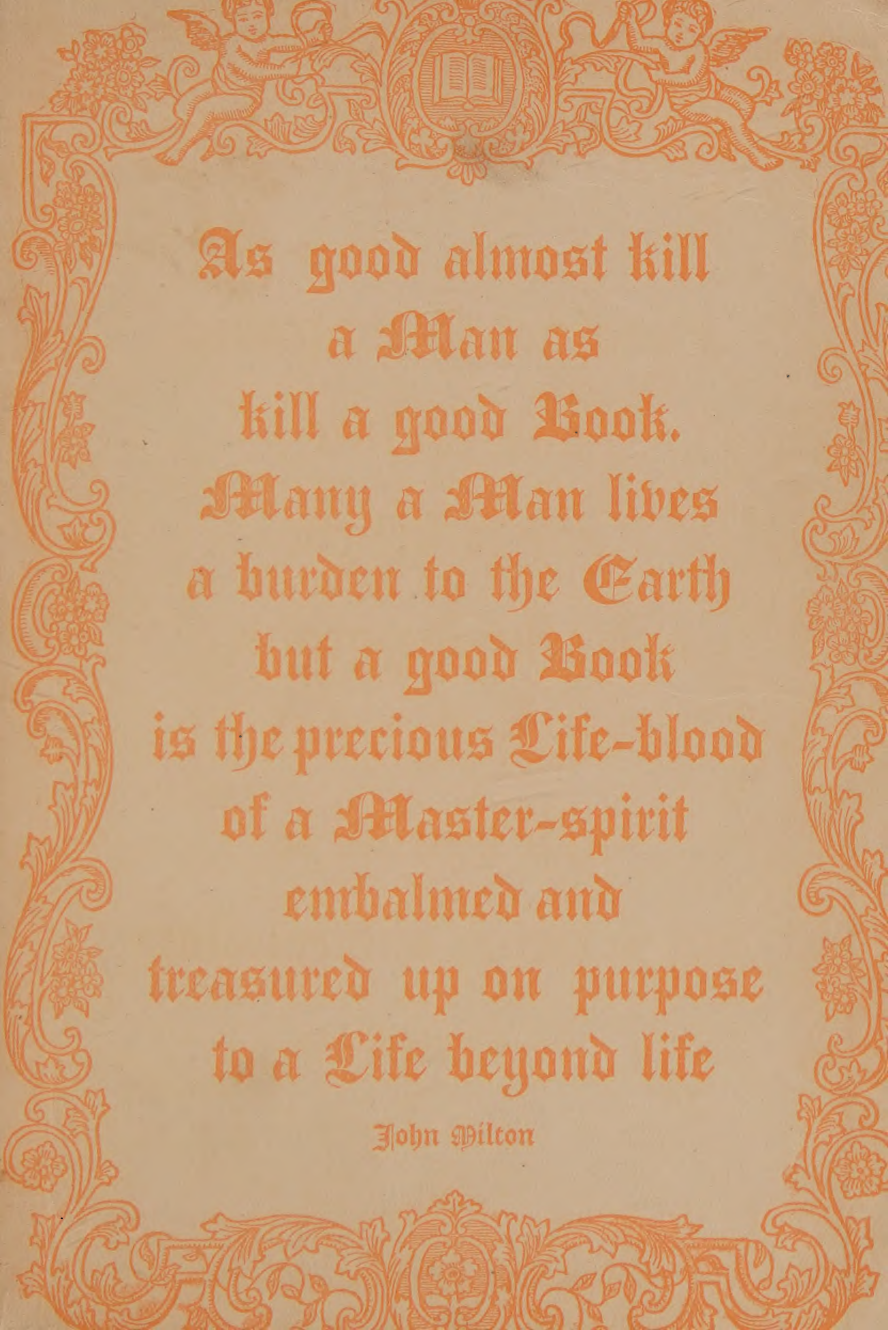
That man has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic-engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work and spin the gossamers, as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of Art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such a one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister, and interpreter!

as cet'ic, one entirely devoted to religious exercises.

Read not to contradict
and confute
nor to believe
and take for granted
nor to find talk
and discourse
but to weigh and consider

Sir Francis Bacon



As good almost kill
a Man as
kill a good Book.
Many a Man lives
a burden to the Earth
but a good Book
is the precious Life-blood
of a Master-spirit
embalmed and
treasured up on purpose
to a Life beyond life

John Milton